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THE CHARACTER OF DESDEMONA.

THERE are critics who cannot bear to see the virtue and delicacy of Shakspeare's Desdemona called in question; who defend her on the ground that Othello is not an Ethiopian, but a Moor; that he is not black, but only tawny; and they protest against the sable mask of Othello upon the stage, and against the pictures of him in which he is always painted black. They say that prejudices have been taken against Desdemona from the slanders of Iago, from the railings of Roderigo, from the disappointed paternal rancour of Brabantio, and from the desponding concessions of Othello himself.

I have said, that since I entered upon the third of Shakspeare's seven ages, the first and chief capacity in which I have read and studied him is as a *teacher of morals*; and that I had scarcely ever seen a player of his parts who regarded him as a *moralist* at all. I further said, that in my judgment no man could understand him who did study him pre-eminently as a teacher of morals. These critics say they do not incline to put Shakspeare on a level with *Æsop*! Sure enough *they* do not study Shakspeare as a teacher of morals. To *them*, therefore, Desdemona is a perfect character; and her love for Othello is not unnatural, because he is not a Congo negro but only a sooty Moor, and has royal blood in his veins.

My objections to the character of Desdemona arise not from what Iago, or Roderigo, or Brabantio, or Othello says of her; but from what she herself *does*. She absconds from her father's house, in the dead of night, to marry a blackamoor. She breaks a father's heart, and covers his noble house with shame, to gratify—what? Pure love, like that of Juliet or Miranda? No! unnatural passion; it cannot be named with delicacy. Her admirers now say this is criticism of 1635; that the color of Othello has nothing to do with the passion of Desdemona. No? Why, if Othello had been white, what need would there

have been for her running away with him? She could have made no better match. Her father could have made no reasonable objection to it; and there could have been no tragedy. If the color of Othello is not as vital to the whole tragedy as the age of Juliet is to her character and destiny, then have I read Shakspeare in vain. The father of Desdemona charges Othello with magic arts in obtaining the affections of his daughter. Why, but because her passion for him is *unnatural*; and why is it unnatural, but because of his color? In the very first scene, in the dialogue between Roderigo and Iago, before they rouse Brabantio to inform him of his daughter's elopement, Roderigo contemptuously calls Othello "the thick lips." I cannot in decency quote here—but turn to the book, and see in what language Iago announces to her father his daughter's shameful misconduct. The language of Roderigo is more supportable. *He* is a Venitian gentleman, himself a rejected suitor of Desdemona; and who has been forbidden by her father access to his house. Roused from his repose at the dead of night by the loud cries of these two men, Brabantio spurns, with indignation and scorn, the insulting and beastly language of Iago; and sharply chides Roderigo, whom he supposes to be hovering about his house in defiance of his prohibitions and in a state of intoxication. He threatens him with punishment. Roderigo replies —

"*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
 It's be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
 (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported — with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, —
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter — if you have not given her leave, —
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you."

Struck by this speech as by a clap of thunder, Brabantio calls up his people, remembers a portentous dream, calls for light, goes and searches with his servants, and comes back saying —

"It is too true an evil: gone she is:
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness."

The father's heart is broken ; life is no longer of any value to him ; he repeats this sentiment time after time whenever he appears in the scene ; and in the last scene of the play, where Desdemona lies dead, her uncle Gratiano says —

“Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.”

Indeed ! indeed ! I must look at Shakspeare in this as in all his pictures of human life, in the capacity of a teacher of morals. I must believe that, in exhibiting a daughter of a Venitian nobleman of the highest rank eloping in the dead of the night to marry a thick-lipped wool-headed Moor, opening a train of consequences which lead to her own destruction by her husband's hands, and to that of her father by a broken heart, he did not intend to present her as an example of the perfection of female virtue. I must look first at the action, then at the motive, then at the consequences, before I inquire in what light it is received and represented by the other persons of the drama. The first action of Desdemona discards all female delicacy, all filial duty, all sense of ingenuous shame. So I consider it — and so, it is considered, by her own father. Her offence is not a mere elopement from her father's house for a clandestine marriage. I hope it requires no unreasonable rigour of morality to consider even *that* as suited to raise a prepossession rather unfavorable to the character of a young woman of refined sensibility and elevated education. But an elopement for a clandestine marriage with a blackamoor ! — That is the measure of my estimation of the character of Desdemona from the beginning ; and when I have passed my judgment upon it, and find in the play that from the first moment of her father's knowledge of the act it made him loathe his life, and that it finally broke his heart, I am then in time to inquire, what was the deadly venom which inflicted the immedicable wound : — and what is it, but the color of Othello ?

“Now, Roderigo,
Where did'st thou see her ? — Oh, unhappy girl ! —
With the Moor, say'st thou ? — Who would be a father ?”

These are the disjointed lamentations of the wretched parent when the first disclosure of his daughter's shame is made known to him. This scene is one of the inimitable pictures of human passion in the hands of Shakspeare, and that half line,

“With the *Moor* say'st thou ?”

comes from the deepest recesses of the soul.

Again, when Brabantio first meets Othello, he breaks out :

"O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
 Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
 For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
 If she, in chains of magic were not bound,
 Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
 So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
 The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have to incur our general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight."

Several of the English commentators have puzzled themselves with the inquiry why the epithet "curled" is here applied to the wealthy darlings of the nation; and Dr. Johnson thinks it has no reference to the hair; but it evidently has. The *curled* hair is in antithetic contrast to the sooty bosom, the thick lips, and the woolly head. The contrast of color is the very hinge upon which Brabantio founds his charge of magic, counteracting the impulse of nature.

At the close of the same scene (the second of the first act) Brabantio, hearing that the duke is in council upon public business of the State, determines to carry Othello before him for trial upon the charge of magic. "Mine," says he,

"Mine's not a middle course; the duke himself
 Or any of my brothers of the state
 Cannot but feel the wrong, as 'twere their own:
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond slaves and Pagans shall our statesmen be."

And Steevens, in his note on this passage, says, "He alludes to the common condition of all blacks who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans*; and uses the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion. If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the Pagans and bond-slaves of Africa." Othello himself in his narrative says that he had been taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery. He *had been* a slave.

Once more — When Desdemona pleads to the Duke and the council for permission to go with Othello to Cyprus, she says,

"That I did love the Moor, to live with him,
 My downright violence and storm of fortune
 May trumpet to the world; *my heart's subdued*,
 Even to the *very quality* of my lord;
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

In commenting upon this passage, Wm. Henley says, "That *quality* here signifies the Moorish *complexion* of Othello, and not his military profession (as Malone had supposed), is obvious from what imme-

diately follows: 'I saw Othello's visage in his mind;' and also from what the Duke says to Brabantio —

"If virtue no delighted beauty lack
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

The characters of Othello and Iago in this play are evidently intended as contrasted pictures of human nature, each setting off the other. They are national portraits of man — the ITALIAN and the MOOR. The Italian is *white, crafty, and cruel*; a consummate villain; yet, as often happens in the realities of that description whom we occasionally meet in the intercourse of life, so vain of his own artifices that he betrays himself by boasting of them and their success. Accordingly, in the very first scene he reveals to Roderigo the treachery of his own character:—

"For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am."

There is a seeming inconsistency in the fact that a double dealer should disclose his own secret, which must necessarily put others upon their guard against him; but the inconsistency is in human nature, and not in the poet.

The double dealing Italian is a very intelligent man, a keen and penetrating observer, and full of ingenuity to devise and contrive base expedients. His language is coarse, rude, and obscene: his humor is caustic and bitter. Conscious of no honest principle in himself, he believes not in the existence of honesty in others. He is jealous and suspicious; quick to note every trifle light as air, and to draw from it inferences of evil as confirmed circumstances. In his dealings with the Moor, while he is even harping upon his honesty, he offers to commit any murder from extreme attachment to his person and interests. In all that Iago says of others, and especially of Desdemona, there is a mixture of truth and falsehood, blended together, in which the truth itself serves to accredit the lie; and such is the ordinary character of malicious slanders. Doctor Johnson speaks of "the soft simplicity," the "innocence," the "artlessness" of Desdemona. Iago speaks of her as a *supersubtle* Venitian; and, when kindling the sparks of jealousy in the soul of Othello, he says,

"She did deceive her father, marrying you:
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most."

"And so she did," answers Othello. This charge, then, was true; and Iago replies:

“Why, go to, then ;
 She that so young could give out such a seeming
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak. —
 He thought 'twas witchcraft.”

It was not witchcraft; but surely as little was it simplicity, innocence, artlessness. The effect of this suggestion upon Othello is terrible only because he knows it is true. Brabantio, on parting from him, had just given him the same warning, to which he had not then paid the slightest heed. But soon his suspicions are roused — he tries to repel them; they are fermenting in his brain: he appears vehemently moved and yet unwilling to acknowledge it. Iago, with fiend-like sagacity, seizes upon the paroxysm of emotion, and then comes the following dialogue: —

Iago. “My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Othello. No, not much mov'd:—
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: — As, — to be bold with you, —
 Not to affect many proposed matches,
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
 Whereeto, we see, in all things nature tends:
 Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.”—

The deadly venom of these imputations, working up to frenzy the suspicions of the Moor, consist not in their falsehood but in their truth.

I have said the character of Desdemona was deficient in delicacy. Besides the instances to which I referred in proof of this charge, observe what she says in pleading for the restoration of Cassio to his office, from which he had been cashiered by Othello for beastly drunkenness and a consequent night-brawl, in which he had stabbed Montano — the predecessor of Othello as Governor of Cypress — and nearly killed him; yet in urging Othello to restore Cassio to his office and to favor, Desdemona says —

“— in faith, he's penitent ;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
 (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
 Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check.”

Now, to palliate the two crimes of Cassio — his drunken fit and his stabbing of Montano — the reader knows that he has been inveigled to the commission of them by the accursed artifices of Iago; but Desdemona knows nothing of this; she has no excuse for Cassio — nothing to plead for him but his penitence. And is this the character for a woman of delicate sentiment to give of such a complicated and heinous offence as that of which Cassio had been guilty, even when pleading for his pardon? No! it is not for female delicacy to exte-

nuate the crimes of drunkenness and bloodshed, even when performing the appropriate office of raising the soul-subduing voice for mercy.

Afterwards, in the same speech, she says —

“What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring *him* in!”

I will not inquire how far this avowal that she had been in the frequent habit of speaking dispraisingly of Othello at the very time when she was so deeply enamoured with his honors and his valiant parts, was consistent with sincerity. Young ladies must be allowed a little concealment and a little disguise, even for passions of which they have no need to be ashamed. It is the rosy pudency — the irresistible charm of the sex; but the exercise of it in satirical censure upon the very object of their most ardent affections is certainly no indication of innocence, simplicity, or artlessness.

I still retain, then, the opinion —

First. That the passion of Desdemona for Othello is *unnatural*, solely and exclusively because of his color.

Second. That her elopement *to* him, and *secret* marriage *with* him, indicate a personal character not only very deficient in delicacy, but totally regardless of filial duty, of female modesty, and of ingenuous shame.

Third. That her deficiency in delicacy is discernible in her conduct and discourse throughout the play.

I perceive and acknowledge, indeed, the admirable address with which the part has been contrived to inspire and to warm the breast of the spectator with a deep interest in her fate; and I am well aware that my own comparative insensibility to it is not in unison with the general impression which it produces upon the stage. I shrink from the thought of slandering even a creature of the imagination. When the spectator or reader follows, on the stage or in the closet, the infernal thread of duplicity and of execrable devices with which Iago entangles his victims, it is the purpose of the dramatist to merge all the faults and vices of the sufferers in the overwhelming flood of their calamities, and in the unmingled detestation of the inhuman devil, their betrayer and destroyer. And in all this, I see not only the skill of the artist, but the power of the moral operator, the purifier of the spectator's heart by the agency of *terror* and *pity*.

The characters of Othello and Desdemona, like all the characters of men and women in real life, are of “mingled yarn,” with qualities of good and bad — of virtues and vices in proportion differently composed. Iago, with a high order of intellect, is, in moral principle, the

very spirit of evil. I have said the moral of the tragedy is, that the intermarriage of black and white blood is a violation of the law of nature. *That* is the lesson to be learned from the play. To exhibit all the natural consequences of their act, the poet is compelled to make the marriage secret. It must commence by an elopement, and by an outrage upon the decorum of social intercourse. He must therefore assume, for the performance of this act, persons of moral character sufficiently frail and imperfect to be capable of performing it, but in other respects endowed with pleasing and estimable qualities. Thus, the Moor is represented as of a free, and open, and generous nature; as a Christian; as a distinguished military commander in the service of the Republic of Venice; as having rendered important service to the State, and as being in the enjoyment of a splendid reputation as a warrior. The other party to the marriage is a maiden, fair, gentle, and accomplished; born and educated in the proudest rank of Venitian nobility.

Othello, setting aside his color, has every quality to fascinate and charm the female heart. Desdemona, apart from the grossness of her fault in being accessible to such a passion for such an object, is amiable and lovely; among the most attractive of her sex and condition. The faults of their characters are never brought into action excepting as they illustrate the moral principle of the whole story. Othello is not jealous by nature. On the contrary, with a strong natural understanding, and all the vigilance essential to an experienced commander, he is of a disposition so unsuspecting and confiding, that he believes in the *exceeding honesty* of Iago long after he has ample cause to suspect and distrust him. Desdemona, *supersubtle* as she is in the management of her amour with Othello; deeply as she dissembles to deceive her father; and, forward as she is in inviting the courtship of the Moor; discovers neither artifice nor duplicity from the moment that she is Othello's wife. Her innocence, in all her relations with him, is pure and spotless; her kindness for Cassio is mere untainted benevolence; and, though unguarded in her personal deportment towards him, it is far from the slightest soil of culpable impropriety. Guiltless of all conscious reproach in this part of her conduct, she never uses any of the artifices to which she had resorted to accomplish her marriage with Othello. Always feeling that she has given him no cause of suspicion, her endurance of his cruel treatment and brutal abuse of her through all its stages of violence, till he murders her in bed, is always marked with the most affecting sweetness of temper, the most perfect artlessness, and the most endearing resignation. The defects of her character have here no room for development, and the poet carefully keeps them out of sight. Hence it is that the general reader and spectator, with Dr. Johnson, give her un-

qualified credit for soft simplicity, artlessness, and innocence — forgetful of the qualities of a different and opposite character, stamped upon the transactions by which she effected her marriage with the Moor. The marriage, however, is the source of all her calamities ; it is the primitive cause of all the tragic incidents of the play, and of its terrible catastrophe. That the moral lesson to be learned from it is of no practical utility in England, where there are no valiant Moors to steal the affections of fair and high-born dames, may be true ; the lesson, however, is not the less, couched under the form of an admirable drama ; nor needs it any laborious effort of the imagination to extend the moral precept resulting from the story to a salutary admonition against all ill-assorted, clandestine, and unnatural marriages.

J. Q. A.

SONNETS.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

WHEN those we love are present to the sight,
 When those we love hear fond affection's words,
 The heart is cheerful, as in morning light
 The merry song of early-wakened birds :
 And oh ! the atmosphere of home — how bright
 It floats around us, when we sit together
 Under a bower of vines in Summer weather,
 Or round the hearth-stone in a Winter's night !
 This is a picture, not by Fancy drawn —
 The eve of life contrasted with its dawn —
 A gray-haired man — a girl with sunny eyes ;
 He seems to speak, and laughing, she replies —
 While father, mother, brothers smile to see
 How fair their rosebud blooms beneath the parent tree !

When those we love are absent — far away,
 When those we love have met some hapless fate,
 How pours the heart its lone and plaintive lay,
 As the wood-songster mourns her stolen mate !
 Alas ! the Summer bower — how desolate !
 The Winter hearth — how dim its fire appears !
 While the pale memories of by-gone years
 Around our thoughts like spectral shadows wait
 How changed the picture ! here, they all are parted
 To meet no more — the true, the gentle-hearted !
 The old have journeyed to their bourn — the young
 Wander, if living, distant lands among —
 And now we rest our dearest hopes above ;
 For heavenly joy alone can match domestic love !

P. B.

THE DEATH OF LA PUCELLE.

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough ;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

SHAKESPEARE.

THREE months had elapsed—since in the flower of youth and beauty, in the flush of conquest, and in the accomplishment of all her own, of all her country's aspirations, the Maid of Arc had fallen, through the envious treason of the Count de Flavy,—he who, had shut the gates, and raised the bridges of Compiègne against her—into the hands of John de Ligny-Luxembourg,—since he, false gentleman and recreant knight, had sold the heroine of France—sold her, despite the prayers, despite the tears and the reproaches of his high-minded lady—sold her for base and sordid lucre to her unsparing foemen. Three months had elapsed of wearisome confinement—not in a guarded chamber ;—not with the blessed light of heaven streaming, albeit through grates of iron, into her prison-casements ;—not with the miserable semblance of freedom, that might be fancied to exist in the permission to pace the narrow floor ;—not with the wonted dungeon-fare of the worst malefactor ;—not with the consolations of religion, vouchsafed even to the dying murderer ;—not even with the wretched boon of solitude ! No—in a dungeon many a foot beneath the surface of the frozen earth, with nought of air, but what descended through a deep-cut funnel ; with nought of light, but what was furnished by a pale and winking lamp ; loaded with a weight of fetters, that would have bowed the strongest man-at-arms to child-like helplessness ; bound with a massive chain about her waist, linking her to the rocky floor ; fed on the bread of bitterness, her thirst slaked with the waters of sorrow ; her feelings outraged by the continual presence of a brutal soldier, violating the privacies, alike by day and night, of her sad condition ; the noble girl had languished without a hope of rescue, without even a dream of liberty or life ; taunted by her foes, and persecuted ; deserted by her friends and utterly forgotten. Yet, though her frame was shrunken with disease and worn with famine, though her bright eyes were dimmed with weariness and watching, her dark locks streaked, as it were, by premature old age, her stature bent to half its former height, and her whole appearance deprived of that high and lustrous beauty that had

of yore been so peculiarly her own; her confidence in HIM, whom she believed, erroneously perhaps, but not therefore the less fervently, to have sent her on that especial mission which she had so gloriously accomplished — her confidence in that being whose decrees are, of a truth, inscrutable — was all unshaken. If she had formerly displayed the courage to inflict, she now exhibited, and yet more forcibly, the nobler courage to endure. If she had proved herself the equal of men in the *melée* of active valor, she now showed herself to be endowed in no secondary degree with the calm fortitude of her sex, the uncomplaining, patient resignation to inevitable pain or inconsolable affliction which is so much harder to put on than the bold front which rushes forth to meet the coming danger. Day after day she had been led forth from her cold dungeon, to undergo examination, to hear accusations the most inconceivably absurd, to confute arguments, the confutation of which aided her cause in nothing; for when did prejudice, or — yet worse than prejudice — fanatic bigotry, hear the voice of reason, and hear it to conviction. Night after night she had been led back to the chilly atmosphere of that dank cell, hopeless of rescue or acquittal; harassed by persecution, feeble of frame, and sick at heart, yet high and firm in her uncompromising spirit as when she first rode forth, with consecrated blade and banner, to raise the siege of Orleans. From the very commencement of her protracted trial she had felt a sure foreknowledge of its termination! She had known, that in the hearts of her judges her doom was written down already; yet, with a calm confidence that would have well become a Socrates, aye, or the apostle of a holier creed, she had striven to prove her innocence, to posterity at least if not to the passing day — to eternity at least, if not to time! When reviled, she answered not — when taunted, her replies were meek but pertinent — when harassed by the simultaneous questioning of her hard-hearted judges, eager to confuse by clamor the weak woman whom they could not confound by sophistry, she was collected as the sagest jurist, undisturbed as though she were pleading another's cause and not her own. The base Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, the bigoted, bribed, fanatic, to whom had been committed the conduct of her judicial murder, strove hard, but strove in vain, to wring from her pale lips some evidence of unholy dealings, for which he might condemn her to the stake, some word of petulance which he might construe into treason.

"Swear" — he cried in haughty and imperious tones, from his crimson chair of state to the fair frail girl, who, clad in sack-cloth, with bare feet and dishevelled hair, stood at his footstool, upheld by the supporting might of conscious innocence — "Swear to speak truth — question thee as we may!"

"I may not swear, most *holy* Bishop," she replied, and her eye flashed for a moment, and her lip curled as she spoke, so that men

deemed it irony — “I may not swear, most righteous judge — since you may question me of that, which to reveal would be foul perjury — so should I, if I swore, stand perjured in the same by speech or silence !”

“Swear — Joan of Domremi, most falsely styled of Orleans and of Arc — Swear to thy judges, that thou wilt seek no rescue — attempt no escape !”

“Be not your fetters strong enough ?” — she asked in answer ; and she half raised her feeble arm, to show the weight of rusty steel that had already well nigh crippled it — “Be not your fetters strong enough — your rock-hewn vaults, where never comes the first-created gift of natural light — your iron cages, and your steel-clad warders — be they not guards enough, that ye would *bind* me yet more straitly ? This will I *not* swear, O thou most merciful, so shall you not condemn me of faith broken.”

“Then thou dost look to rescue — dost hope for liberty — wouldst evade, hadst thou the power, the bonds of Holy Church ?”

“To whom should I look for rescue, save to Him who has abandoned his frail servant for her own transgression.”

“Ha ! she confesses !”

“Mark well the words — Sir scribe.”

“Judgment — Lord President — A judgment !”

“No need for farther question !”

“She has avowed it.”

Such were the disjointed clamors that burst at once in fiendish exultation from the lips of that holy-seeming conclave ; but ere the wily Bishop could express his sentiments, the maiden again took up the word.

“I have confessed — Great Sirs — I have confessed transgression — And make not ye the same — at prime, at matin, and at vesper — the same avowal ? — Riddle methen the difference, ye holy men, between the daily penitence ye proffer, for the daily sins which even *ye* confess ; and this the free confession of a prisoner — a helpless, friendless, persecuted prisoner ! — Tell me, Lord Bishop, what am I, that I should suffer judgment to the uttermost, for the same avowal that thou makest daily, if thou dost obey the bidding of Him whose cross thou hast uplifted ! — But ye did ask me if I hope for liberty — if I would exchange the prison-house — the hall of condemnation, and the bread of tears, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, and the humblest peasant’s fare ! — Go, ask the wild herds of the forest, will they prefer the yoke and the goad, the halter and the stall, to the green woods and liberal pastures in which their Maker set them ! — Go ask the eagle, will he endure the jesses and the hood of the trained goss-hawk, will he choose the perch and mew before the boundless azure, will he list to the whistle, or regard the lure of the falconer when the

thunder is rolling beneath him, when the lightning, which he alone can gaze upon undazzled, is flashing round the aërie his creator made him to inhabit. If these shall answer yea — then will I do your bidding, and swear to keep my prison, though the chains should be stricken from my limbs and the door of deliverance opened ; though the fagot were kindled to consume me on the one hand, and the throne of your monarch were tendered on the other ! — Then will I swear — Sir Priest — and not *till* then !”

Such was the tone, and such the tenor of all her speeches ; ever submissive to the forms, to the ordinances, and to the spirit of religion ; ever professing her faith in holy writ ; her whole and sole reliance on the Virgin and her blessed Son ; ever denying and disproving the charge of witchery or demon worship — offering to confess under the sacramental seal — to confess to her very judges — she yet suffered them to know, at all times, to perceive, by every glance of her eye, to hear in every word of her mouth, that it was the religion they professed, and not the men who professed it, to which her deference was paid, to which her veneration was due.

Still though they labored to the utmost to force her into such confession as might be a pretext for her condemnation, the court could by no means so far confuse her understanding, or so corrupt the judges, as to effect its nefarious purpose. With a clear understanding of her own cause she refused, at once and boldly, to answer those questions on nice points of doctrine which she perceived to have no bearing on her case. On every other matter, she spoke openly and with the confidence of innocence, maintaining to the last, however, that “Spirits, were they good or evil, had appeared to her ;” but denying that she had ever by sign or periapt, by spell or charm, invoked the aid of supernatural powers, otherwise than by the prayers of the church offered in christian purity of purpose to the most Holy Virgin and her everlasting Son. It was at length proposed that the question should be enforced by the means of torture ! But by Cauchon himself the proposition was overruled — not in mercy, however, — not in charity toward a weak and suffering woman, but in the deepest refinement of cruelty. Confident, as he then was, that she would be condemned to the fierce ordeal of the fagot and the stake, he spared her the rack lest by exhausting her powers of endurance it might diminish the duration of her mortal agonies. Bitterly, however, was that corrupt judge and false shepherd disappointed when the decisive verdict was pronounced — “perpetual chains — the bread of sorrow and the waters of misery !” — The courts ecclesiastic had no weapon to affect her life, and for the present the secular arm had dismissed her beyond the reach of its tyrannic violence. The sentence was heard by the meek prisoner in the silence of despair — she was remanded to her living

tomb — she passed through the gloomy archway — the bolts groaned heavily behind her — she deemed that all was over, that she should perish there— *there*, in that dark abyss, uncheered by the fresh air or the fair daylight, unpitied by her relentless foemen, unsuccored by her faithless friends ; and she felt that death — any death, so it were but speedy — had been preferable to the endurance of that protracted torture which life had now become to her, who lately fought and feasted at the right hand of princes.

Not all the sufferings, however, of the wretched girl ; not all the mental agonies and corporeal pains, that she must bear in silence, could satisfy the fears of England, or the policy of England's Regent. It was not in revenge, much less in hatred, that the wise Bedford urged it on the court that they should destroy — not her body only, but her fame. He well knew it was enthusiasm only that had thus far supported her and liberated France ; — he deemed not, for a moment, that she was either heavenly messenger, or mortal champion ; — but he felt, that France believed in joy — England in trembling ! — he felt, that dead or living — so she died a martyr — Joan would be equally victorious. Her death, if attributed to vengeance, would but stir up the kindling blood of Gaul to hotter anger, would but beat down the doggedness of Saxon valor with remorse and superstitious terror !

"Ill hast thou earned thy See," he cried at their first interview, "False Bishop ! As well she were ahorse and in the field, as living thus a *famous* prisoner ! She must die ! *die*, Sir Priest, not as a criminal, but as a witch and heretic ! Her name must be a scoff and a reproach to France — her death an honor to her slayers ; a sacrifice acceptable to Mother Church, and laudable throughout all Christentie ! See it be done, Sir, — Nay, interrupt me not, nor parley ; an *thou* mayest not accomplish it, others more able, or perchance more willing, may be found, and that right speedily ; the revenues of Beauvais's Bishopric might serve a Prince's turn ! See that thou lose them not !" And he swept proudly from the chamber, leaving the astounded churchman to plot new schemes, to weave more subtle meshes for the life of the innocent. Nor did it occupy that crafty mind long time, nor did it need deep counsel ! The sentence of the church decreed, that she should never more don arms, or masculine attire ! The Bishop's eye flashed as it lighted on that article. "Ha !" he muttered — "Here then, we have her on the hip ! Anselm, what ho ! Let them bid Gaspard hither — the warden of the Sorceress — and let us be alone !"

He came ; and with closed doors they sate in conclave — the highest officer, save one, of holy church ; the lowest and most truculent official of state policy ! Ear heard not, nor eye saw, the secrets of

that meeting ; but on the morrow, when the first glimpse of sickly daylight fell through the tunnelled window of her dungeon, the Maiden's female garb was gone, and by the pallet bed lay morion and corslet, cuishes, and greaves, and sword — her own bright azure panoply ! At the first moment, ancient recollection filled her whole soul with gladness ! Joy, triumph, exultation, throbbed in her burning veins ; and the tears that rained down full and frequent, tarnishing the polished surface, were tears of gratitude and momentary bliss. Then came the cold reaction — the soul-sickening terror — the prophetic sense of danger — the certainty of treachery ! She donned them not — she rose not from her wretched couch, though her limbs were cramped, and her very bones were sore with lying on the hard and knotted pallet. Noon came, and her guards entered ; but it was in vain that she besought them, as they would not slaughter a poor maiden — slaughter her, soul and body — to render back the only vestments she might wear in safety.

" 'Tis but another miracle, Fair Joan ;" sneered the grim warden. " St. Katharine of Fierbois hath returned the sword, she gave thee erst, for victory. Tête Dieu, 'tis well she left thee not the *destrier*, to boot of spurs, and espaldron, else wouldst thou have won through wall of stone and grate of iron ! Don them, then, holy Maiden, don the Saint's gift, and fear not ; she will preserve thee !"

And, with a hoarse and chuckling laugh the churl laid down the scanty meal his cruelty vouchsafed her, and departed !

Thus three days passed away ; her prayers for fitting raiment were unheeded, or, if heeded, scoffed at. Meantime the chill air of the dungeon paralyzed her as she lay, with scanty covering, cramped limbs and curdling blood, on the straw mattress that alone was interposed between her delicate frame and the damp rock-hewn pavement. On the third day she rose ; she donned the fatal armor — all save the helm and falchion — she might not otherwise enjoy the wretched liberty of moving to and fro, across the dungeon floor. Scarce had she fastened the last rivet, when the door flew open ! A dozen men-at-arms rushed in, and dragged her to the chamber of the council ! The board was spread with all the glittering mockery of judgment — the brass-bound volumes of the law ; the crosier of the church ; the mace of state ; the two-edged blade of justice, and the pointless sword of Mercy ! The Judges were in session — waiting the moment when necessity should force her to do on the fatal armor ! From without the clang of axe and hammer might be heard, framing the pile for execution, prepared already ere the sentence was pronounced on that doomed victim, condemned before her trial.

" Lo ! there — my Lords," cried Cauchon, as she entered, dragged like a lamb to the slaughter. " Lo ! There, my Lords ! What

need of farther trial? Even now she bears the interdicted arms, obtained as they must be by sorcery! Sentence, my Lords; a judgment!"

And with one consent, they cried aloud, corrupt and venal Frenchmen, "Judgment; a sentence!"

Then rose again the Bishop, and the lust of gain twinkled in his deep gray eye, and his lip curled with an ill-dissembled smile, as he pronounced the final judgment of the Church.

"Joan of Domrêmi—sorceress, apostate, heretic! Liar, idolater, blasphemer of thy God! The Church hath cast thee from her bosom, excommunicated and accurst! Thou art delivered to the arm of secular justice. And may the temporal flames which shall, this hour, consume thy mortal body, preserve thy soul from fires everlasting! Her doom is said; hence with her, to the fagot!"

Steadfastly she gazed on the face of the speaker, and her eye closed not, nor did her lip pale, as she heard that doom, the most appalling, that flesh can *not* endure.

"Ye have conquered," she said slowly but firmly; "ye have prevailed, and *I* shall *perish*. But think not that ye *harm* me; for ye but send me to my glory! And believe not, vain that ye are, and senseless, believe not that, in destroying me, ye can subdue my country. The fires, that shall shrivel up this weak and worthless carcase, shall but illume a blaze of vengeance in every Frenchman's heart that will never waste, nor wink, nor weary, till France again be free! This death of mine shall cost thousands—hundreds of thousands of the best lives of Britain! Living, have I conquered your best warriors heretofore! Dead, will I vanquish them hereafter! Dead, will I drive ye out of Paris, Normandy, Guienne. Dead, will I save my King, and liberate my country! Lead on, assassins—lead me to the pile! the flesh is weak and fearful; yet it trembles not, nor falters, so does the spirit pine for liberty and bliss!"

Who shall describe the scene that followed; or, if described, who would peruse a record so disgraceful to England, to France, to Human Nature? England, from coward policy, condemned to ignominious anguish a captive foe! France, baser and more cruel yet, abandoned without one effort, one offer of ransom, one stroke for rescue, a savior and a friend! and human nature witnessed the fell deed, pitying perhaps in silence, but condemning not, much less opposing the decree of murder, sanctioned, as it was, and sanctified by the assent of Holy Church.

It is enough! She perished—perished, as she had lived, undauntedly and nobly. Her fame, which they would have destroyed, lives when the very titles of her judges are forgotten! The place of her torture is yet branded with her name! Her dying prophesy has been ful-

filled! A century had not elapsed, ere Paris, Normandy, Guienne were free from England's yoke; and every battle-field of France hath reeked, from that day downwards to red Waterloo, with blood of England, poured forth like water on the valleys of her hereditary foe.

The Maiden perished, and the terror-stricken soldiery, who gazed on her un murmuring agonies beheld — or fancied they beheld — a saintly light, paler but brighter than the lurid glare of the fagots, circling her dark locks and lovely features; they imagined that her spirit — visible to mortal eyes — soared upward, dove-like on white pinions, into the viewless heaven — and they shuddered, when they found, amid the cinders of the pile, that heart which had defied their bravest, unscathed by fire, and ominous to them of fearful retribution!

H. W. H.

PARTING WORDS AT SEA.

I SEE once more my native land,
My native hills before me rise;
One fleeting hour, and I shall stand
Beneath the light of native skies!
Fly on, proud bird! thy rapid wing
Speeds, like my anxious heart, before;
Though soon the favoring breeze must bring
Our gallant vessel to the shore.

Sparkles the wine and beams the glass?
Then, pour it to the radiant rim;
And, comrades, swiftly let it pass,
For why should our bright eyes be dim?
Bright eyes! ah, no! the merry glance
Has faded from such eyes as mine,
And we, like knights of old Romance,
Come homeward sad from Palestine.

We come, with early hopes decayed, —
With early passions all subdued;
The pleasant realm that Fancy made
Changed to a real solitude!
And yet, where rises, soft and clear,
O'er the blue waves yon long-left strand —
How lonely those gray rocks appear,
That sentinel our father-land!

How dream we of fond hearts, that beat
Responsive ever to our own,
Hand clasped in hand, and looks that meet,
And thoughts of past years backward flown;

And tears that mothers shed for joy,
And smiles of kindred, as they trace
Some likeness of the happy boy
In that pale brow and thought-worn face.

But see! from shore the beacons shine,
As nearer, nearer — on we sail; —
Fill up the glass, for song and wine
Will lend new freshness to the gale!
A moment — and the lights of home,
Swift as the stars when evening falls,
Will gleam from steeple, tower, and dome,
From lowly roofs and lofty walls.

One moment — ha! across the sea,
Where tall masts like a forest seem, —
From yonder turret, fair and free,
The signals of our coming stream.
The parting glass! fill, shipmates dear,
You to your loves pledge — I to mine!
Drink not — but with one jovial cheer
Fling on the water glass and wine!

P. B.

ORIENTAL READINGS.

NUMBER ONE — HAFEZ.

It is but a short time since the literature of the East began to attract the attention of the savans of Europe. There has, indeed, always been, in every century, from the time of Origen downwards, a small number who have devoted themselves to the study of the Oriental languages, chiefly for the sake of scriptural or historical illustration; but they have generally been looked upon as martyrs to the cause of learning, whose example was rather to be admired than imitated. The common herd of students who have attempted to enter the wilderness of Eastern lore, have been dismayed at the first sight of the tangled maze, and have not dared to penetrate farther; little dreaming that in the depths of that thicket were hidden many sweet wild flowers of surpassing beauty and fragrance; or, if perchance a blossom fell into their hands, have been so much occupied in determining its genus and the number of its stamens, that they have forgotten to admire its tints and its perfume.

Sir William Jones was the first who dared to teach the nations of christendom that the powers of reason and imagination were not con-

finer to themselves — that thought might be as penetrating, and fancy as fervent, under the sunny skies of Persia as in the cold and foggy climate of Britain. Until his time men would have smiled at the idea of looking for profound thought and fine feeling in the writings of a Mahometan; a prejudice, the remnant of crusading bigotry, which nothing but a mind like his, rich in learning, imagination, and taste, could have dissipated. His principal work on this subject, the "*Poeseos Asiatici Commentarii*," published in 1769, though written at the early age of twenty-three, evince a maturity of judgment, a depth of research, and a delicacy of taste, which called forth the general admiration of the literati throughout Europe. By this work, as well as by his other productions, especially his beautiful translations, or rather paraphrases, of some of the most admired poems of the East, an entire change was wrought in the opinions of the learned, on the subject of Oriental writings, and a secret, though powerful influence, exerted on the literature of England.

To understand this effect we must review the condition and progress of British literature for some distance back. The English character, as has often been said, has in it little of the spirit of poetry. There are few national songs and ballads to be met with in the country, and those which are occasionally found, come, almost without exception, from the border, where the inspiration has been caught from their Scottish neighbors, a people of a very different character. In truth, John Bull is a rough, warm-hearted, tough-headed old fellow, with abundance of good feeling and good sense, but not an atom of sentiment; which he is apt to regard as a lack-a-daisical, Frenchified, and altogether unmanly sort of a quality. He therefore presents the worst subject for poetry imaginable. An Arcadian shepherd, or an Italian peasant, has a very pretty effect when introduced into a pastoral or a love tale; but what can be made of an English country bumpkin?

Hence it is that the poets of this country, conscious of their own deficiency in the *materiel*, have drawn their subjects almost entirely from foreign sources. They have wandered from their native soil to sing of chivalric heroes, of Jewish patriarchs, and Arcadian swains; and have even dared to scale heaven itself in pursuit of a subject. The analogy holds in other arts which require an exercise of the imagination; there is no English school of painting.

Let us attempt to trace more accurately the extent of this foreign influence on the literature of our mother country, and reflectively on our own. Italy, the first to awake from the mental torpor of the dark ages, was for two centuries the school-mistress of the nations; she exchanged her political dominion for a sway in the world of mind, and her statesmen, philosophers, and poets left the impress of their genius on the earlier writings of every people of Europe, and most of all on the English. At this time it was thought essential to the com-

pletion of a liberal education, to visit that land so peculiarly the home of genius, and converse face to face with the master minds of the age. Thus did Chaucer, and long after him Spenser and Milton; and their works are, as is well known, deeply imbued with the spirit of Italian literature. The same may be remarked of the minor poets of that period — the Wyats, the Surreys, and the Gascoignes. Down to the time of Dryden, English poetry was of what may be called the Italian school.

With him commenced a new era. The French nation, which had been for some time rising fast in political importance, began also to exercise a considerable influence on the literary world. The mannerism which prevailed among her authors was peculiarly calculated to strike and to please; it consisted in lively and impassioned ideas, set off by a pointed and epigrammatic style; but sufficiently simple to contrast well with the labored conceits and false glitter of the Italian writers. Dryden adopted these peculiarities, and became the founder of a new school — the *French*. His genius, however, refused to confine itself within the narrow limits marked out by the literary censors of that nation. It remained for Pope, more correct, as it was termed, but less forcible, to carry out the tenets of this school to their utmost extent; and his works are now the models of cold, precise, condensed, Gallic versification. An equal revolution in taste took place in prose works of imagination; the tedious, stately, knight-errant romances, which amused the good ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court were exchanged for the more natural, but no less tedious gossiping stories of Richardson.

For above a century English imagination bowed to a Gallic creed. By this time, however, the nation became weary of the tiresome monotony and correctness which prevailed among their writers, and various attempts were made to break it by the introduction of different styles, all of which enjoyed a temporary popularity. Thomson and Cowper were the first who described English scenery with fidelity and effect; even they did not dare to touch upon English character and manners to a great extent. Crabbe, who has since attempted it, is little read. Lewis, to whom his novel procured the prænomén of the *monk*, introduced, with considerable power, the wildness and supernaturalities of the *German school*; and the novels of Mrs. Radcliff supplanted those of Richardson. The simple Doric pathos of Burns made the *Scottish* dialect and songs for a time so popular, that at length any rhyme in which *a'* was used for *all*, and a *house* was called a *biggin*, was received at once as genuine poetry of nature; the uncouthness of the orthography operating as a veil over any meanness of expression or coarseness of idea.

All these schools, if such they may be called, expired with their

founders. There were none to take up the mantles of the departed masters ; and the consequence was a general stagnation of poetry towards the end of the last century, something like that which we are now experiencing. It was about this time that the labors of Sir William Jones, in the hitherto untrodden paths of Oriental literature began to be appreciated. His elegant translations and imitations of the Eastern poets were received with universal delight ; the Asiatic tinge of voluptuousness and sensuality, softened and etherialized by the influence of a delicate imagination, was peculiarly calculated to strike and captivate, after the frigidity of the French, the wildness of the German, and the coarseness of the Scotch styles. This effect was aided by the increasing power and possessions of the East India Company, in whose service many gentlemen of good standing and cultivated minds became conversant with the language and literature of Persia. To be assured of this, one need only glance at some of the periodicals published in India about thirty years since.

A poetry which appeals to the passions will at all times be popular ; and at this moment, when the reading community were wearied of sickly sentimentalism, pretty conceits, and labored profundity, nothing could be better fitted to attract than the simplicity and warmth of the Oriental style, and the brilliant freshness of its imagery. This effect had, in fact, been expected and foretold by him who was the founder of the school, though not its chief supporter. In his " Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations," Sir William Jones has these remarks : " I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images and incessant allusions to the same fables ; and it has been my endeavor, for several years, to inculcate this truth, that if the writings of the principal Asiatics, which are repositied in our public libraries, were printed, with the usual advantages of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be opened for speculation ; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind ; we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes ; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain and future poets might imitate."

This prediction has been already, in part, accomplished. The writers who have availed themselves of the new and abundant materials for poetry, which they find in the character, customs, and writings of the East, are not a few. Conspicuous among these stands one who is to be considered, perhaps, as the most popular of living poets, Moore. Endowed with a genius truly Oriental, he early perceived the bent of public taste and adapted himself to it. His poems are

marked by the same faults and the same beauties which we find in the poets of Persia. Richness of ornament, fervency of feeling, elegance of expression, without much grandness or depth of thought or correctness of moral taste, characterise the greater part of his productions. By his last great work, *Lalla Rookh*, he has accomplished that which Sir William Jones so ardently desired to see effected — the translation into English of Oriental ideas and images. Nor is he the only laborer in the field; the wild and wondrous creations of *Thalaba* and *Vathek* owe their existence to the same prevailing turn of public sentiment; perhaps also much of the impassioned poetry of Byron and Shelley — the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Revolt of Islam*, &c.

It is through the influence thus exerted, and the information thus conveyed, that the names of several of the principal poets of Persia have become familiar to the reading portions of the English and American nations. There are few, probably, who have not heard that Fudousi is the first Epic poet of the East, Sadi the most distinguished in morality, and Hafez the sweetest of lyrists. But this is all; of the lives and productions of these writers, whose works, as I have endeavored to show, have exercised such an influence over our own literature, little or nothing is known. Such being the case, a brief sketch of the history and writings of some of the most celebrated of the Eastern poets, may not be unacceptable.

Pre-eminent among these for delicacy of thought and sweetness of expression stands Hafez, the Anacreon of Persia. He was born near the commencement of the fourteenth century, at Shiraz, a city which her sons are fond of terming the "Garden of the East." Living beneath a never-clouded sky, where the heat of a southern sun is tempered only by gales which breathe from the Gulf of Oman and the Indian Sea, loaded with the perfume of a "land of roses;" where the vanity or the affectation of many successive princes has collected all that is magnificent or pleasing in nature or art, to embellish their favorite residence; and where the tumults and distraction of war seldom reach, the inhabitants of Shiraz are, in the highest degree, an indolent, passionate, and poetical race. Fierce hate, hot desire, intense devotion, alternately sway their minds when roused from the state of slothful indifference in which the Orientals delight to slumber away the time. The poets of this city, which are almost as numerous as those of all the rest of Persia, partake of the general spirit, and only interpret the feelings of their fellow-citizens. Love, wine, and religion form the principal themes of Shirazian verse — and with none more than Hafez, by whom this scanty array of subjects has been, like the features of the human countenance, so varied and commingled, that an infinity of beautiful combinations has proceeded from them.

His original name was Mohammed Shemseddin. At an early age

he entered a college founded by the pious Vizier Hadji Couwam. Here he applied himself to the study of jurisprudence and theology, in the latter of which he soon made such proficiency that he could repeat the entire Koran by heart; from which circumstance he derived his title of Hafez, which signifies "a man of great memory." He afterwards assumed it as his *tokhullus*, or "poetical name," which every Persian writer of eminence is required to have; it is introduced invariably into the last couplet of every poem, and thus secures to the author the reputation which his productions may deserve — a contrivance which, in these days of rhyming plagiarism, might be introduced with advantage into lands farther west.

There is a singular story of the manner in which the poetical powers of young Shemseddin were first called forth, that might figure to advantage in that unrivalled collection, the "Arabian Nights." It is related that at a short distance from Shiraz, lived a venerable philosopher, who, from some peculiarity in dress, commonly went by the name of "Green Old Man." He had a single daughter, the fairest of Persian maids; "beautiful," to use the words of an Eastern writer, "as the full moon, slender as the pine, graceful as the waving cypress, with locks like hyacinthine flowers, eyes like the narcissus, teeth of pearl, and lips of ruby." The name of this surpassing fair one, however it may strike an Oriental, has not to an English ear a very romantic sound; it was *Shakhi-nebat*, which literally signifies a "*lump of sugar!*" But no name, however uncouth or unpoetical, could cast a shade over a beauty like hers. Hafez, then in the bloom of youth, on a visit to her father, saw and admired the maiden; and in a heart like his admiration was next door to love. His visits were repeated, ostensibly for the purpose of receiving the lessons of wisdom from the lips of the venerable sage, but in reality to perfect himself in a softer science. Hafez was now engaged in assiduously cultivating the universal art of love. This taught him to woo his beloved in strains of the sweetest melody, which are even now sung by the enamoured youths of Shiraz to their blushing maidens. What wonder, then, if the fair *Saccharissa*, whom we must of course suppose as feeling, as beautiful, was won at last to transfer to the bard the admiration which she felt for the verses? Hafez had not long to deplore, in languishing tones, the cruelty of his beloved — a favorite theme of Eastern poets. A few lines of rapturous delight bear witness to his transport when at length the "soul-subduing, heart-alluring, peri-like *Shakhi-nebat* deigned to reward his devotion with a sugary smile."

The particular occasions of most of Hafez's odes are unknown; but the imagination is pleased with referring the following simple lines to this romantic period of the poet's life, when he first felt the influence of that passion which was to be the theme and the inspiration of his future productions. They resemble, as Sir William Jones has re-

marked, a sonnet of Shakspeare's, in which he compares the beauties of his mistress to those of the flowers, and accuses them of stealing from her their brilliancy and perfume.

Sweet, balmy winds ! that perfume blest
Was stolen from my love yestree,
For while she slept her locks ye kissed,
And bore away their fragrancy.

Brightly, fair rose, thy flowerets shine ;
But oh ! how far less bright they be
Than that soft lip that joins to mine,
All quivering with ecstasy.

Narcissus, close thine eye of blue,
Before my Leila's sparkling ee ;
How lifeless is thy sickly hue,
Beside that sleepy brilliancy.

Though graceful pine, before the storm
Thy branches wave, and fair to see,
Bethink thee of my Leila's form,
And wither in thine infamy.

Tell me, old sage, hast ever seen
A beauty half so fair as she,
By whose bright cheek the basil sheen
Would pine away for jealousy ?

Thus, dearest, while I sing thy charms,
O deign an answering smile to me ;
Give but an hour to Hafez's arms,
'Twill seem a sweet eternity.

But the course of our poet's love was destined to be ruffled by an unexpected obstacle. The king, chancing to pass by the humble dwelling of the philosopher, was struck by the beauty of his daughter, and demanded her of her father in marriage. The old man was unable to refuse this undesired honor of a regal alliance, and the lovers were in despair. At last, Hafez determined, in the true madcap spirit of a *chevalier d'amour*, to appeal to the sovereign himself against his own injustice ; and, strange to say, his prayers, backed by an affecting ode, describing his own wretchedness and lauding the generosity of the *Shah*, succeeded in softening the heart of an Asiatic tyrant ; and Hafez was permitted to enjoy undisturbed the affection of his beloved. But alas ! this happiness was not long allowed him ; only a brief time after their nuptials, his beautiful bride fell a victim to distemper.

"But one short day allowed on earth to roam,
Before her angel spirits called her home,"

as the bereaved husband laments in a sweet but sad elegy.

From this time Hafez devoted himself to a life of retirement and pleasure, which neither the solicitations of princes, nor the allurements of fame, could induce him to leave. Once, indeed, it is said, he yielded to the earnest request of the Prince of Yerd, desirous of seeing and conversing with the bard whose songs, as he himself boasts, were sung

By China's glowing daughters,
By Egypt's laughing maids;
On Ganges's sacred waters,
In Rouma's* sunny glades.

But the magnificent favors which Hafez had been led to expect, were either withheld or grudgingly bestowed by the niggard prince; and the poet, wounded more in his self-esteem than his avarice, of which he seems to have had but a small share, returned to his peaceful bower of Rocnabad, and the sweet stream of Mossellay, heartily resolved never again to venture forth from his beloved Shiraz.

It was during the life of Hafez that this city was taken by Timour or Tamerlane — the scourge of Asia in the fourteenth century. The fame of the prince of poets had reached even the ears of the rude Tartar. He ordered the bard to be brought before him, and demanded, with a stern countenance, how he had dared to offer two of the finest cities of the kingdom to his mistress for a single kiss.

"Can the gifts of Hafez impoverish Timour?" was the ready answer. The conqueror was delighted at the elegant compliment to his greatness, and dismissed the poet loaded with presents.

From this time till his death, which took place in the year 1389, just at the time that Sultan Baber made himself master of Shiraz, he seems to have led a life of quiet and seclusion among a few intimate friends, and to have occupied himself in the composition of those exquisite odes in which his memory is, as it were, embalmed. His tomb is situated without the walls of the city, in his beloved Mosellay, and near the fountain of Rocnabad, which his verses have immortalized. Around it are some beautiful cypress trees, said to have been planted by his own hands. It was formerly a place of general resort to the Shirazians from the heat and the bustle of the city. Here the grave cadi would repair to meditate, over his chibouque and his coffee, on the instability of human greatness; here poets would come to recite their verses to the manes of their sovereign; and lovers found it a very convenient and appropriate place of assignation; here, too, the story-teller would hold a ring of gaping listeners enchained in breathless interest, while he recounted to them the exploits of the hero Rustam, or some wild

* The Persian name for Asia Minor.

freak of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid. But all this, as we learn from recent travellers in the East, has passed away ; the tomb of Hafez has been overthrown and broken by an earthquake, and is left unrepaired ; the cypresses are cut down ; and the beautiful copy of his Odes has been stolen from its place upon the monument. The poems, also, of the bard are less read than formerly, and his songs less frequently sung. This may be owing in part to the recent political convulsions of the country, which have weakened the taste for literature, and partly to the natural effects of time in rendering the language and style of his writings unfamiliar. But beyond the limits of Persia these causes cannot operate ; and it seems to be the singular good-fortune of Hafez, that, as his countrymen become blind to his merits, the eyes of other nations should be opened to them. His fame, like the light of the sun, can never be extinguished ; but it may change its place of shining.

The poems of Hafez were collected, after his death, into one volume, by Seid Cassem Anovar, himself an author of no slight reputation. This collection is called the *Divan* of Hafez, and contains about five hundred and seventy *gazels* or odes, arranged in the alphabetical order of their rhyming letter ; for it is a peculiarity of the Persian ode, that the last lines of all the couplets in a piece have a similar termination — as in the imperfect translation given above of one of the finest. The writings of Hafez are almost wholly of the amatory species. It would seem that the chords of his harp, like those of the Teian bards, having been once taught to resound a song of love, could never after vibrate to another theme. In connexion with this passion, the praises of that forbidden beverage, the juice of the grape, supply an inexhaustible subject for the exercise of Hafez's imagination. If fortunate in love, he bids us crown our success by a bumper ; if unlucky, we are to drown our cares in the flowing bowl. He even dares to prefer "the liquid ruby" which he quaffs, to the water of Raauser, the holy river of Paradise — an unpardonable offence in the eyes of all good mussulmen :—

"A wreath of flowers around my brows to braid —
Pure wine of Shiraz, and a yielding maid,"

form, according to Hafez, the sum of earthly pleasures.

These precepts, which he took good care to illustrate in practice, did not a little scandalize the more rigid of his countrymen — especially the priests, who saw the chief dogmas of their religion thus treated with open contempt. So far did their indignation against the hapless poet carry them, that they were, at first, disposed to refuse him moslem burial, and a violent contest arose between them and his friends on this point. At length, by way of an appeal to heaven, they

agreed to open the book which contained his poems, and be determined by the verse which should first meet their eyes. Fortunately enough, they chanced to stumble on a passage peculiarly appropriate:

"Refuse not Hafez's corse a resting-place—
Though sunk in sin, he trusts in Allah's grace."

This, of course, settled the dispute, and the poet's remains received the rites appointed to good moslem clay.

There remained, however, yet another difficulty to embarrass the consciences of the Faithful: by sanctioning the burial of the poet's corpse, they had virtually approved the sentiments of his writings; but that grave and reverend doctors should give their sanction to verses breathing a spirit so directly opposed to good morals and good Mahometanism, — verses whose sole object was to set forth, in their most attractive light, the charms of forbidden pleasures, was a thing monstrous and not to be conceived. A happy thought relieved them from their perplexity. This was no other than to suppose the poet an exceedingly pious, but also somewhat enigmatical, writer, and his odes nothing else than a series of devotional hymns, expressed in allegorical language. According to these interpreters, Hafez had all his life been playing psalm tunes on his lyre, instead of the light and frivolous measures for which his admirers had taken them. "*Love*," it seems, means with him an ardent desire of a union with the divine, all-creating Essence; by *wine* is signified "devotion;" *perfume* is "the hope of the Divine favor;" the *breeze* an "illapse of grace," &c. By this singular transformation, the following verses, in which a common reader discerns nothing beyond a lively Bacchannalian, become a sacred hymn, breathing a spirit of the most devoted piety.

The rosy dawn is passing in,
Fill high your cups with rosy wine —
The tulip bright is drinking dew
And we will drink the juice divine.

The fragrant breezes kiss the flower,
Fill high the cup with fragrant wine —
The rose is blushing in the bower,
Drink deep the blushing juice divine.

The sage may pour his vows to heaven,
The lover pours the lifesome wine —
Or drinks, like Hafez, sweeter far,
From angel lips a kiss divine.

Ingenious must be the imagination which can extract from these stanzas, so redolent of love and mirth, a sublime description of the joys of religion, and a serious call on sinners to turn from the error of their ways

and be converted. The following is an effusion of the same kind, and equally pious in its spirit; for it speaks only of love, wine, and perfumes, — the sensual pleasures which make up a Mahometan's paradise.

Spring's balmy gales are sweet,
 In wine they taste the sweeter, —
 And summer hours so fleet
 With love's delights are fleeter.
 How tame the garden glows
 Where no rose its perfume flingeth, —
 How idle is the rose
 When no bulbul* near it singeth.

The cypress is not fair,
 Though it wave with graceful motion,
 Unless my Leila there
 Will list my heart's devotion.
 The wild-bee never sips
 Where lurk no honeyed blisses,
 And what are maiden's lips
 That will not join in kisses?

The picture's gayest dies
 Can ne'er to me endear it,
 Unless my Leila's eyes
 With brighter glow are near it.
 And, Hafez, life, at best,
 Is a worthless piece of money, —
 So, spend it on a feast,
 And let the feast be honey.

Whatever may be thought of the mystic or allegorical character of these poems, it is certain that among the odes of Hafez are several which breathe a truly religious, though not exactly a Mahometan, spirit. There has existed for several centuries in Persia, a sect of considerable importance, termed the *Sufi*, deriving their name and their doctrines, both somewhat corrupted, from the *sophi* or philosophers of ancient Greece. They believe in a divine, all-pervading, self-existing essence, from which all things have proceeded, and into which all things shall be resolved. To be united with this essence, which is Divine Love, they esteem the fullness of beatitude; and they term the body a veil or prison of clay, by which the immortal spirit is confined and obscured.

Of this sect Hafez was a member, and many of his odes express their peculiar tenets with much fervor. The following lines, though in

* The loves of the *bulbul*, or nightingale and the rose, form the subject of many beautiful stories and allusions among the Persian poets, particularly those of Shiraz, where this bird is most frequently met with.

part obscure, indicate an ardent desire to attain to that reunion with the Divinity which is the peculiar doctrine of the *Sufi*.

My soul is darkened by this veil of clay,
Blest be the hour that rends the gloomy veil ;—
My spirit pants to wing its heavenward way,
Like the caged bird — and skyward home to sail.

I know not when my fate's stern mandate calls,
And thus in folly fleets my life away, —
How can I, prisoned in life's narrow walls,
How can I soar to truth's eternal day.

My heart is fixed upon a heavenly bride,
Why in this world of demons should I stay ? —
Nay, chide me not — can musk its perfume hide ?
Can Hafez cease to breathe his pious lay ?

As fires volcanic glow the earth beneath,
So burns my heart within its vesture gay.
Spirit Divine ! receive my parting breath, —
Absorbed in thee, let Hafez melt away.

There is nothing of a local or ephemeral character in the poems of Hafez ; they breathe sentiment and passions which find an echo in the hearts of all men of every time and nation. The delights and pangs of love, — the pleasures of religion — the joys of the banquet — are every where felt, but nowhere as well expressed as in the burning lines of this poet. In this respect his writings are peculiarly fitted for translation.

But he who would make the polished bard of Ispahan speak the rude accents of a Northern tongue, must not only possess a critical knowledge of the peculiar and delicate beauties of the original, but he must be a man of brilliant imagination and refined taste. The translator of Hafez should be himself a poet of a high order ; he should be capable of transfusing into a foreign tongue, not only the sentiments, but also the style and coloring, of the original ; he must be able to give the setting of the gem with the gem itself. The exquisite fragments scattered through the works of Sir William Jones make us wish that he had seen fit to complete this desirable work. There is one living poet to whom the task might be safely committed, — I mean Moore. His rich, fervid, and truly Oriental imagination, and his intimate acquaintance with the history and manners of the East, make it certain that in his hands the poetry would lose nothing either of its beauty or its powers. But it is not to be expected that the advanced age of this distinguished writer and his numerous engrossing avocations will admit of attention to a matter of mere secondary importance. Perhaps in after-times a poet may arise, who, uniting the learning of Jones with

the genius of Moore, will do for the poet of Persia the office which the latter has already performed for his brother bard of Teos : and then may we hope, that strains which have for ages been the delight of the East, will be sung and admired in lands of whose very existence the author himself never dreamed.

H. E. H.

RATHER HYPERBOLICAL.

THEY tell me, love, that heavenly form,
Was fashioned in an earthly mould,—
That once each limb and feature warm
Was lifeless clay and cold ;
And the old nurse, in prating mood,
Vows she beheld thy babyhood.—
But vain the specious web and frail —
My heart can weave a truer tale.

They lured a radiant angel down,
And clipped its glorious wings away,—
They bound its form in stays and gown,
And taught it here to stay.
They quenched its dazzling crown of flame,
And call'd it by a mortal name ;
But art nor skill could e'er efface
The heavenly mind, the angel grace.

And would you deign to linger here,
And tread with me this mortal earth,
A group of chanting cherubs, dear,
May cheer our humble hearth ;
And each will be— nay, do not laugh—
Angel and mortal, half and half,
And every pretty dear, when vexed,
Will cry one hour and sing the next.

But oh ! I greatly fear, my love,
That earthly joys would all be vain,
And, longing much for things above,
The plumes might grow again ;
And so you might, some pleasant day,
Take to your wings and fly away.
— I shall be sorry if you do,—
But, dearest, take the children too.

ELAH.

THE LAST OF THE IRON HEARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE NORTH-WEST."

It is an ungrateful task to write an Indian tale as it should be written ; and, what is more, the man is not in America who can do it ; or, if he be, he has not yet made his appearance in print. So the brave and unfortunate race, so deeply wronged by our fathers and ourselves, pass away, and no data are left to posterity by which to understand their character, save the dull records of incompetent or one-sided chroniclers, and the vague speculations of hasty travellers, most of whom are about as much entitled to credit as Captain Hall. We are not going into a dissertation, but beg leave to assure our readers that the Indian is not the ferocious brute of Hubbard and Mather, or the brilliant, romantic, half-French, half-Celtic Mohegan and Yemassee created by Symmes and Cooper. How can men, however talented, describe what they never saw ?

A plum-pudding cannot be made without plums, or a story, now-a-days, without a sprinkling of what fools call love and wise men folly. Our tale, therefore, shall have a little of the fashionable spice.

Once upon a time there lived, among the Yanktons of the far Northwest, an amazon, who, whatever mischief was done by her eyes, certainly inflicted literal wounds with her hands. Such things have been before ; we read of Clorinda, Camilla, and Marphisa in ancient days, and are assured by Tyrone Power that the modern Irish women assist their husbands in *faction fights*, each armed with a stone tied up in the foot of a stocking. How much more likely, then, that such characters should sometimes be found among a people to whom refinement is utterly unknown, with whom animal bravery is the highest moral attribute, and whose first-lisped sounds are war and battle. The Penthiselea in question was the daughter of a tremendous warrior, who never had fewer than three scalps drying in the smoke of his lodge at a time, and she had stood side by side in fight with her father and loaded one of his two guns before she was fifteen years old. More ; on the same occasion she right valiantly knocked two wounded men in the head with her own (alas ! not *fair*) hands, after the fray was over. From that time she renounced the avocations, and sometimes the garb, of her sex. She rocked no cradle, her back bore no burthen, her hand planted no corn, dressed no robe, and wrought no

moccasin. She reined the steed, wielded the lance, and drew the bow instead. She accompanied war and hunting parties, and sat in the councils of men ; and in both situations her merit was cordially acknowledged. For all this she was especially qualified. The daughter of a giant, she exceeded the stature of her sex ; trained to incessant exercise, she was quite equal to the fatigues of war. In council, taciturnity is the prime merit of an Indian who has nothing to say, and, strange as it may seem, she was able to hold her peace.

The main spring of this woman's character was ambition. Conscious of powers inferior to those of few men, she saw herself doomed to be an Indian wife, that is, an inferior being, a mere drudge, a bearer of burthens, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, the slave of an inferior, and the victim of his caprice. The proud and haughty soul she inherited from her father revolted at a lot so abject, and she possessed the only qualities which could raise her above it, namely, physical strength and determined courage, active and passive.

The Fleet Foot (we will not inflict on our readers the sesquipedalian torture of an Indian name) became the hate of the women of her tribe and the admiration of its men. For envy, petty malice, and calumny she cared nothing. She heard her name the subject of rude praise, her deeds the themes of rude song, her wisdom the admiration of the old, and her beauty the discourse of the young. She was eminently beautiful, that is, if a form cast in a gigantic mould of perfect symmetry and very regular and very dark features, can be said to make a woman so. Before she was twenty she was wooed by half the males of the tribe who had any pretensions to rank among its men, but to none of them would she incline her ear, gravely or seriously. To have married would have been to lose her rank, to become the Paria we have described an Indian wife to be. Therefore she scoffed at their proposals and returned their presents. If they came to whine their love-sick ditties before her door, she broke their heads with their own three-holed flutes ; and if they persisted, she shot their dogs and horses. Nevertheless, so much was she annoyed, that she was obliged to find an expedient to prevent the nuisance at once and for ever.

Her tribe have a ceremony, or rather had it (for it has for many years been obsolete), of particular interest and importance to its females. It was a dance of virgins. After appropriate religious rites and dances, the unmarried women advanced, one at a time, into the centre of the assembled multitude, and challenged each and all who knew any thing against her maiden fame to declare it. Were it his betrothed, any one having such knowledge was held bound in honor to proclaim it without reservation. It may therefore be supposed that many took no part in the rite, and its manifest inconveniences have caused it to be discontinued.

The Fleet Foot stepped into the circle, drew up her commanding form to its full height, and with mingled pride and dignity addressed the crowd: "I have been for these six years," she said, "a woman set apart from women. In plain and forest, in peace and war, in village and camp, my intercourse has been wholly with men. The clear river is ruffled by the least breath; the snow is sullied by the pressure of the lightest foot. Let him breathe on the stream of my life, and trample on the snow of my character who can!"

There was a breathless silence, but no one spoke.

She then commanded her medicine bag to be brought forward. This is a collection of charms, amulets, &c., to which great reverence is paid by its owner. Each Indian has his own, and you may swear him upon it more safely than you can most whites on the Evangelists. Putting her hand on this shrine of savage superstition, our Thalestris spoke again.

"I have now done what would have secured any maiden a hunter and a warrior. No dirt has been thrown; no bird has uplifted a single note of shame. And now, with my hand on this medicine bag, I declare, O Yanktons, that no man shall ever call me wife but he who shall be proclaimed the best and bravest warrior of the tribe at its council fire, or who can make me cast down my eyes at the Ordeal of Maidens. I have spoken."

A deep roar of approbation went up as the martial maid retired from a purgation not less terrible than the trial by fire of old. Each warrior of repute now bethought him how he should gain the name of the best of his band. The young performed prodigies. Those who slept in the shade of former laurels, aroused to fresh and more terrible action. Never before was the wail of Pawnee, Chippeway, and Assiniboin widows heard so far and so widely. Nevertheless, no Yankton obtained the envied distinction. As it could only be given by general suffrage, it was impossible that it could ever be won by any individual of a tribe of emulous and brave men. The stratagem of the Fleet Foot was completely successful.

A year passed, and the emulation the Minerva of the tribe had excited gave rise to a savage order of chivalry, in comparison with whose reckless contempt of death the frantic valor of the Crusades and the desperation of the Assassins becomes reason and common sense. Twelve warriors, approved the boldest and best of their race, associated themselves for the avowed object of winning the Fleet Foot and the dangerous title she had proposed as the price of her hand. Their reputation being equal, or nearly so, and the competition being narrowed down to themselves, it was only with each other they could strive. We must describe the rite of initiation into the order and its rules in detail.

After fasting and praying three days and nights, the band came forth before day, and performed a solemn dance around a lofty pole. Mahtoe, or the Grizzly Bear, the most distinguished, was then stripped to the waist and painted black. Two oaken skewers, each half an inch thick, were next forcibly thrust through the muscular parts of his arms. Two strong cords were then attached to the skewers, and the ends were drawn tight to the top of the pole. At sunrise the initiate began to dance around the pole, with half his weight resting on his lacerated arms, and chanting his former exploits. This agonizing torture he continued to inflict on himself till sunset, without wincing, when he was released, and the next morning another took his place. Let not the reader think that we exaggerate the Indian capacity to endure privation and pain. Such a scene as we have described we have witnessed, and have diminished rather than added to its horrors.

The rules of the "Iron Hearted" were, never, when on any military enterprise, to turn one inch out of the direct line of march that led to its accomplishment for any danger whatever, until one or more were killed. If opposed by a superior force, they were to cut their way through; if they came to a precipice, one, at least, was bound to walk over it, and the order of precedence was to be settled by emulation.

The dress of the Yankton brave is singularly picturesque. A tunic and a pair of leggins, snow white, and ornamented and fringed in wild profusion, a pair of moccasins and a buffalo robe, covered with hieroglyphics representing the wearer's exploits, are the main article. For every wound received or given, a slender painted stick is thrust into the hair. For a scalp taken or an enemy slain, a pair of skunk skins are appended to the heels, and a tuft of swan's down and a war eagle's feather placed on the summit of the head. Hang round the warrior's neck a necklace of grizzly bear's claws, to denote that he has killed such an animal, mount him on a fine horse, with two or three scalps dangling from the bridle rein, set him careering over the prairie with lance and shield, with his eagle's feathers streaming in the wind, and you have a Yankton desperado in full costume — none of the *Metamoras* of the stage, but an arm to do, a heart to dare, and a tongue to speak common sense, like any other person. Each of the Iron Hearted were entitled to wear all these decorations.

Strange as it may seem, their bond of brotherhood considered, the Iron Hearted were not extinct for three years, during which time one leaped over a bluff, three were burned by the Pawnees, two perished in the flames of the burning prairie, a seventh walked under the ice of the Missouri, and four more died in battle and lost their scalps. Not one was known to violate his desperate pledge. And now Mahtoe alone remained, after having braved as many and as great perils as any of

his defunct comrades, acknowledged the Bravest and Best of the Yanktons.

With no objection on the part of the Fleet Foot, her father offered the last of the Iron Hearted his daughter's hand in full council. The stoic of the prairie, after a decorous pause of about an hour, in order to make up his mind, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and replied, that "All the use he had for a wife was, to do the work of his lodge and take care of his children; for which the proposed lady was no way qualified. He had never, he said, the least idea of espousing the Fleet Foot — he had three wives already, quite enough for one man. His motive for joining the devoted band had been that it made his heart sick to have it doubted that he was the bravest man on earth. That doubt was now removed, and with much gratitude he declined the favor intended him."

The Fleet Foot went to war no more. Stung with a slight she could not avenge, she put herself under the tuition of an eminent sorceress, for of such professions there is no lack in an Indian tribe. When she thought she had made such progress in necromancy as did credit to her application, she cast a spell on Mahtoe. She drew a picture of him in the sand, and with many a magic ceremony effaced the feet to destroy his swiftness, the arms to prostrate his strength, the eyes to blear his vision, and devoted him to the blade of the slaughterer by driving a knife into his bosom to the haft. Having charitably informed him of her affectionate proceeding, she went into the woods and hanged herself, according to the judicious custom of squaws when slighted or jealous.

The heart of Mahtoe, iron to every thing beside, was wax to superstition. Apprehension of evil had the effect evil itself could not have produced. He became a changed man, and a settled melancholy constantly rested on his features. His gun missed fire, the Buffalo carried off his arrows and lived, his huntings were unsuccessful, his canoe was upset, his corn was blighted in the milk, and his children died. In short, he considered himself a man bewitched, no uncommon thing among Indians, and gave himself up to despair.

Two years after he went to the Mandan villages on the Missouri with a small party of his people. While there, a war party of forty Pawnees, who were lurking about the vicinity, heard of their arrival. Presuming on the forbearance of the Mandans, with whom they were at peace, the Pawnees entered the village and attacked the visitors. For once they reckoned amiss. The Mandans and their guests set upon them together and compelled them to a flight of several miles, killing some and wounding all. Not a man escaped wholly unhurt. Indeed, so hard were the Pawnees pressed, that they were obliged to throw away their clothes, and even their weapons, to make better speed.

The old spirit of Mahtoe revived in the excitement of the chase. One Pawnee, who appeared to be a chief, made almost superhuman efforts to check the pursuit; frequently turning, and bearing back the foremost of his hunters. Mahtoe met him. The chief discharged his gun unavailingly, being brought down in the very act by a bullet which broke his thigh. As the Yankton ran in to finish him, the wounded man drew a reserved pistol and shot him through the body.

His slayer was instantly scalped by the comrades of the slain Yankton, who then passed in hot pursuit. When, after an absence of three hours, they returned, they witnessed another example of the fortitude of their race. The Pawnee had recovered from his swoon, and was quietly engaged, though blind and powerless, in smoking his pipe. They sacrificed him to the manes of their dead.

So died, on the field of battle, his nursery and his dwelling-place, with his war-cry on his lips, one who, fierce and pitiless to foes, was yet a good son, brother, husband, father, and friend, according to his knowledge of his social duties—the Last of the Iron Hearted.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

O, TELL me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now, what the bright colours of music may be
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odours of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels, who come to delight
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind.
Oh! tell me what light is, because I am blind!

H. F. G.

Newburyport, Mass.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF ANCIENT HUNTERS.

“—En age, segnes
“Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
“Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum,
“Et vox assensu nemorum ignominata remugit.”

VIRG. GEORG. 3.

“Hark away, hark away, hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, while echo, blithe echo makes jovial the morn.”

CHORUS TO BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

No : we will not look upon the hunters of Kentucky yet ; the mighty dead of other days claim first our admiring contemplation. It will be good for us to look at their portraits in Time's old diorama — to see them face to face through History's faithful theodolite.

What an innumerable army ! Patriarchs, sages, kings, heroes ; inspired, demigods, sacred, profane ! Blessed is thy memory, O son of Cush, and thy name glorious, captain of the host, and father and beginner of all hunting ! Of whom else doth the historian bear record, that he “was a mighty hunter before the Lord ?”

Posterity hath not done justice to Nimrod. Even Josephus barely mentions him, and we are left entirely in the dark as to the character of his game and the weapons of his craft.

It is not vain, however, nor improper, as we hope, to speculate upon a matter which, to hunters, is a subject of such thrilling interest. May we not, then, imagine and believe, that the founder of Babel was one of the giants of those days, and that his armoury was fashioned in the workshop of that skilful artificer, Tubal Cain, and that he hunted the mastodon and megatherion ? But let every man think for himself. — We said that posterity had not done justice to Nimrod. We ought to except from this censure those good poets Tickell and Somerville. They have both glorified him in verse. Their researches, whether of fact or fancy, are worthy of the attention of the judicious antiquarian.*

(*)

— “When Nimrod bold,
“That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
“And stained the woodland-green with purple dye ;
“New, and unpolished, was the huntsman's art ;
“No stated rule, his wanton will his guide —
“With clubs, and stones, rude implements of war,
“He armed his savage bands.”

SOMERVILLE.

It would argue gross ignorance, or else wilful malice, not here to name the unfortunate Esau. He, too, was a "cunning hunter, a man of the field." Frequent, doubtless, were the nights when the dutiful son, returning tired from the hunt, comforted his kind old father's heart with a saddle of good venison, the trophy of his trusty bow and quiver. But alas! alas! — there are passages in the life of Esau upon which we cannot bear to dwell—themes too high. Let us pass on.

Who cometh next? Truly, Sampson, Milton's Sampson Agonistes, beyond challenge a keen hunter. This honorable reputation he worthily acquired by his capture, adjunction, and adignition of the three hundred foxes, which he turned among his father-in-law's grain-stacks, to punish him for trading away his wife when he was temporarily absent from the family. For one man to catch three hundred foxes, upon one hunting expedition, or even in the course of one whole season, it requires not only great strength, but much ingenuity, earnest perseverance, faithful patience, good love, and good luck. Sampson was an uncommon man.

We take occasion here to caution the scrupulous reader not to look upon us as a Philistine. We desire to be understood as making these references to the hunters of the by-gone days of Palestine, with no sceptical levity, but with faithful reliance upon recorded facts. We will further remark, that great as was the performance last referred to, yet we believe it may be accomplished by a man of extraordinary powers without the aid of any miraculous assistance. We esteem that it was so accomplished, and that it was one of the ordinary occurrences in the life of the hunter Sampson. As such it is our duty to record it here. As such, we celebrate the enterprise, and enshrine it with its author in our gallery of hunters.

But let us look upon the profane and the mythological, and then, peradventure, we may be permitted to moralize, without restraint. The Heathen celebrated mighty hunters. Great is his glory, who is vouched for by Diodorus and the almost Christian Cicero. A poet's incarnation he may be, but people seem to believe in him, and to recognize and to worship his attributes. Do we ever say *Sampsonian*? No: we always call it a "Herculean" task. Son of Alcmena, fortunate were the irregular nuptials of thy honored parents! Happy was the earth, when thou wert delivered to deliver her of Hydras and Chimæras. Happy was the sky which received thee back to rule the seasons, (as some, not vain, imagine,) and to quaff old nectar with thy father Jupiter.

"When Nimrod first the Lion's trophies wore,
 "The panther bound, and lanced the bristling boar,
 "He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
 "And wheel the courser in his mad career." TICKELL.

But we have no sympathy with people specially gifted. Hence we contemplate the exploits of demigods with cold wonder only, and not with the hearty enjoyment with which we listen to the story of a sporting friend, who is like ourselves, and from a knowledge of whose character we may judge of the extent of the embellishments. Moreover, it is hard to comprehend the glory of cutting off dragon's heads, and doing such other deeds of desperate valor as the biographers of Hercules have, with commendable particularity, set down to stimulate our ambition. For one thing, however, we love as well as admire the hunters of old times. They had the true spirit of chivalry in them. Hunters were patriotic, and generous, before printing and gunpowder were invented. Now, we offer rewards to men to do themselves a pleasure, and give bounties for dead wolves and crows.

Theseus, Castor, and Pollux. It is almost ludicrous to think of one of these heroes sending in an affidavit, duly sworn to according to law, and claiming from the overseers of the town a ten dollar bill for shooting down a wild cat.

Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, swift-footed Achilles. Xenophon tells us that these were all mighty hunters. But they were statesmen, and warriors, and benefactors, too. By Diana! When we think of these, and of some glorious few other such ancient megatherial earth-gods, who made for history and poetry a subject and a beginning, our anger waxeth hot at the assurance of the muskrat-catching poachers of modern times, who affect to call themselves hunters. They are blasphemers. They take the name in vain. Saint Sagittarius forefend that we should shoot an undeserved arrow at the bear-hugging Colonel Crockett! But our conscience pricks our judgment to pronounce its denial that he can challenge any better claim to the laurels of a hunter than a half-shrived ghost in purgatory can put forth to a fee-simple foothold among the stars. There is no registry of the name of clown-hunter in a book of heraldry that we wot of.

"Multo majora canamus."—Is there any thing more glorious in fact, or in fancy, than the impersonation of the chaste, virgin, huntress goddess? Worthily was she mistress and queen of the chase. We seem to see her now, her maidens all put forth, bending from her firmament throne, to whisper a kiss upon the fair brow of Endymion, innocent youth, as he lies, cold and tired, on the summit of old Latmos. Now a beam from her eye falls upon the expecting boy; and now—a cloud hides them from us, and our vision is gone! We confess, that if we were to catch the moon in company with Endymion, we should be apt to be revengeful, and furnish another proof of the truth of the old maxim, that *"three spoils company."* There should be no eclipse, nor any other sort of fun, that night. We would punish the proud Dian for her cruel treatment of the unwittingly offending

Actæon. A hunter, he, and a brave. Her worshipper. And yet, forsooth, because, with no malice aforethought, and by mere accident, he happened to stumble upon her one day in the woods when she was not dressed for company, she must needs metamorphose him into a stag, and set upon him his own rapacious dogs! Out upon such savage prudery! Nephele, and Hyale, and Rhenis, and Psecas, and Phiale, and all the rest of ye, heartless nymphs! — We have no patience with your affectation, making your mistress to act like a very lunatic!*

Unhappy Actæon! "*Sic illum fata ferebant.*" Bad luck was thine, in truth. What a horrible host of blood-hounds he had upon him! It makes one's blood to run cold, even only to hear their names. Let us look into the excellent Mr. John Clarke, and read a portion of his translation, for the benefit of juvenile students.

"First Blackfoot, and the good-nosed Tracer, gave the signal by a full-mouthed cry." — *Cry*: — Every deer-hunter knows what that *cry* is: — the deep, beautiful, musical bay, that breaks upon your extatic ear, bearing the knowledge of the discovered game. He now flies through places where before he had often pursued. Alas! he flies from his own servants. He would fain cry out, I am Actæon, know your master. Words are wanting to his inclination: the air rings with the cry. Black-hair made the first wound upon his back; Kill-deer the next; Rover stuck fast upon his shoulder. They came out later than the rest, but their way was soon dispatched by a short cut across the mountain. Whilst they hold their master, the rest of the pack come in, and stick their teeth together into his body. Now room is wanting for more wounds. He groans and makes a noise, though not of a man, yet such as a buck could not make, and fills the well-known mountains with sad complaints; and as a suppliant upon bended knees, and like one asking a favor, he turns about his silent countenance. But his companions, ignorant of their wretched prey, encourage the ravenous pack with their usual cries, and look around, mean time, for Actæon; and call for him loudly, as if he were absent, Actæon! Actæon! He turns his head at the name, as they complain that he is not there to enjoy the sight of the game presented to them. Glad would he be, indeed, to be away; but he is there, against his will; and glad would he be to see, and not feel, the cruel violence of his dogs. They hang upon him, and, thrusting their snouts into his body, tear to pieces their master under the shape of a false buck. And the rage of the quiver-bearing Diana is said not to have been exhausted until his life was ended by many wounds.

(*) "*Sicut erant nudæ, viso, sua pectora Nymphæ
"Percussere, viro, subitisque ulutibus omne
"Implevement nemus: circumfusæque Dianam
"Coporibus texere suis."*

OID MET. lib. 3.

Such was the awful consequence of looking upon a woman without permission! How full is history of friendly beacons to warn young men of danger.

We will hang up one more portrait in our gallery. Thine, Adonis, thine; thou loved one of Cytherea. Thou, too, lost thy life in the chase, but not ingloriously, and the gods made provision for thee after thy demise. We must be excused, O Adonis, from being sorrowful because of that wild boar's tooth sending thy soul to the skies, for Venus wept for thee, and Bion hath embalmed thee. Many bards have sung thy elegy. Reader, knowest thou the flower Anemomy? If thou be uninstructed, seek some wise woman, and get understanding; and know, and love, in that little budling, the metamorphosed mortal parts of the tender-cheeked hunter Adonis.

There is a more modern antiquity, that boasteth excellent hunters. Shall we see these worthies? We know a process — a charm — we can hold communion with their ghosts! — We have had such nights with the old hunters! Dost thou dare to see them? We will warrant thee they are busy at some sport. Behold now, we shut our earthly eyes. We speak the spell that cannot be heard by mortal. Now it is all dim. Now light slowly breaks, and lo! the Elysian fields. There, down in a green valley, are met the ghosts of all the dead hunters of the world. They are shooting at a target. Heard you that whiz? See you not that arrow quivering in the bull's eye? 'Twas a well-aimed shot. It was Arthur drew the string — immortal he of the round table — not that modern Arthur, who — we must give this lamp a turn, or it will — there: that will do. — But our vision! alas! it is gone. So ever it fares with the introduction of an unpleasant guest. One such will banish a whole room full of good company. We could get into a passion now, and curse — the Devil and his works. We have a right to do that. It would be highly improper to bless them, or to speak respectfully of them. But it is better to be benevolent. We will curse no one, not even Scotch George Thompson. May God, if it be possible, assoilsie even him.

Let us summon our hunting friends. Come hither, ye hunters of ancient days, be present to our desires, and hold with us sweet converse —

“Black spirits and —”

No, no; we want no black spirits. The coloured gentlemen, if any, will please to stay below —

“Brown spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may.”

Look where they come. A goodly company, Nature's aristocracy.

Substantial shadows — glorious ! will they speak ? What music is this, like the doubtful concord of clanging armor, and waving plumes, and ringing steel, and neighing steeds, and twanging bow-strings, and a harp touched by a skilful minstrel ! like

“High-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewelyn's lay.”

Who is this hoary headed bard ? Gracious presence, suffer us, as much as may be lawful, to worship thee ! Thou art old Cadwallo, whose tongue inexorable Edward made cold ; and thou hast sung in bower, and banquet hall, the praises of brave hunters. Be, we pray thee, one of our household gods.—How they burn on our eyelids ! changing, and mixing with each other, and mingling with the air, and then standing out more accurately developed. Apollo sustain us ! Turks, Tartars, Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Britons — What gorgeous trappings have those hunters of the East ! Genghiskhan glittering with gold and burnished steel ! He, who, like that Mogul Vizir, Asaph ap Dowlah, hunted with several battalions of infantry, encompassing roaring hecatombs, and the tigers upon a thousand hills ! What queen is that he jostleth ? Doth she not stand Boadicea, confessed, bearing a mighty spear ? And that troop of high-born ladies, spurning the earth with their eager palfreys, each equipped for to ride a —

— “hawking by the river
With grey goshawke in hande.”

Delicate heroines—fawns chasing blood-hounds ; tender-hearted murderers, killing with your bright eyes more than with your keen arrows ! Hail ! Gaston, Earl of Foix ! gallant gentleman ! true knight ! with thy army of dogs, six hundred ! Pass on. Saint George ! who with his good sword Ascalon smote that gigantic dragon, having fifty feet between his shoulders and tail, under the left wing, where no scales were, and delivered his country. The Percy out of Northumberland, and doughty Douglas—good friends now. The seven champions of Christendom—Sir Bevis, Sir Tristram, Sir Thopas ! How stately are these old king hunters. Alfred the Great, wise and good ; solemn Athelstan ; Cnut the Dane ; Edward the Confessor ; of whom sayeth the accurate Malmsbury, that although he was better fitted for the cloister than the field, yet he took great delight to follow a pack of swift hounds, and to cheer them with his voice ; William the Norman, conqueror of men as well as beasts ; William Rufus, whose life ran out with the blood staining a treacherous arrow. What a throng of them ! Edward — all the Edwards ! Harry — all the Harrys ! Even pedantic king Jamie, believer in witchcraft, who hath written also of hunting with hounds, in *Basilikon Doron* ; * giving it questionable precedency over

* “I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running hounds, which is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof, for it is a thievish sort of hunting to shoot with guns and bows ; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game. As for hawking, I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly.” *Basilikon Doron*.

archery and falconry: unlike thee, venerable Roger! schoolmaster and laureate of the school of shooting, who hath written a book to illustrate the glory of the bow; proving it to be the fountain of wisdom, health, wealth, and virtue.* And, O delight! here be Robin Hood and little John, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly! Welcome, welcome, bold archers! Let us embrace ye, O better than kings! ye original, unsophisticated democrats! How Tammany Hall would adore if it were only given to her to know ye!

That last imagination hath dashed down our cup of mad joy. We can see no more beyond the sight of the flesh. We are alone.

“The light that o’er our eye-beam flashed,
The power that bore our spirits up,”

into the company of sainted hunters, is departed. Royalty, and knight-errantry, and beauty, and valor have sunk into eternal chaos.

We are the friend and apologist of Robin Hood, outlaw though he was. Hear how he may be forgiven:

“Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be offrebore blode,
I shall you tell of a good *yeman*,
His name was Robyn Hode.”

What though he hunted in the royal forest, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, entertaining an hundred tall men upon haunches of the king’s fat bucks. Was not the charter unconstitutional? a rank monopoly of the merry green-wood? Were not the game laws tyrannical, cruel, unendurable by brave souls, heaven-created warriors; the freest hearts, the strongest arms — in all merry England? What though he denied that property could be held in fee simple, and that he pressed the doctrine of “equal rights” with perhaps too earnest zeal; yet was he not gallant, humane, magnanimous, and a sincere friend to the poor? Harken to the testimony of the authentic Stow:—“He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore men’s goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeys, and the houses of rich carles: whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe.”

Well! he was a practical leveller; that seems to be his offence. And is that unpardonable? Lo! even holy friars, and other good

* “The fosterer up of shoting is labor, y^e companion of vertue, the meyn-teyn-er of honestie, the increaser of health and welthinesse, which admytteth nothing in a manner into his companye, that standeth not with vertue and honestie, and therefore sayeth the oulde poet Epicharmus very pretelye in Zenophon, that God sel-leth vertue, and all other good things to men for labour.” *Toxophilus*, *d.*

men, divers, have taught that the rich are merely trustees for the poor, and that goods and chattels are only lent to them. Shall he be condemned who executes the judgments of brotherly love and justice? God forbid. Robin, we take thy hand before the whole world, and call thee a good fellow. Thou shalt have our vote for any office thou desirest in the shades.

Those other yeomen named with Robin and little John, must not be lightly passed over. Modern times are shamed by their strength and skill. William of Cloudesley, with an arrow from his bow, cleft an hazel rod in twain, at the distance of four hundred yards; and with another arrow shot an apple from his boy's head, at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five yards! Is there any gentleman hunter extant who will shoot against this performance? Bring up your rifles, good people. William and his associates, we regret to admit, had some vague and indefinite notions on the subject of other people's property; and it does not appear that they were so discriminate as Robin Hood. But then they all finally repented, and were pardoned by the king, and were confessed by the bishop, and the king made William a gentleman, and gave him eighteen pence a day to bear his bow, and the queen gave him thirteen pence a day, and made his wife her chief gentlewoman; and then these good yeomen went forth and got cleansed with holy water,

“And after came and dwelled the kynge
And died good men all three.”

And so finally concludeth the legend:—

“Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal blysse;
And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven may never mysse. Amen.”

Amen! amen! with all our heart. Three cheers for the ghosts of Adam Bell & Co. Go it, boys! Hur—wait for the word:—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Much remains to be said of hunting. Many hunters remain unsung. We have only brief moments to commemorate that exquisite fancy of the sport, fierce and gentle falconry.

We have a notion, that of all delights that ever it was given to man to enjoy, this must have been the most delightful.—Gentlemen of the cockpit, a fight in the air between a pigeon hawk and a blue heron!—Bold was he, and cunning, who first tamed the fiercest birds of prey, and taught them to sit upon his fist, to fly at his command, to pursue, to strike, to return, docile, faithful servants. Gentle, eager, and as humble, and fond of the sport as our own good setters, Horatio.—Think of the king of birds soaring to the third heaven, and then hovering and swooping, and hovering and swooping, until, as it were, he

could get good sight, and then, with terrible certainty, dashing down upon the devoted shoulders of an antlered monarch of the scrub oaks, and tearing out his brains, at the command of a master ! Imagine yon duck hawk, (*falco peregrinus*) tamed, and thrown off, unhooded, from your fist, mounting into upper air, and thence, with lightning speed, striking out a wild gander from a flock of straining honkers, and then, conscious of his deserved reward, sailing back to the bondage of his accustomed jesses ! Why, people do not understand the virtue of birds. We are neophytes in ornithology and ornithodynamics. We hardly know "a hawk from a hand-saw."

For ourselves, it is our delight to read and dream of the goodly companies of noble knights and high-born dames of olden time, riding out with princely attendance to fly their hawks. We seem to hear their prancing steeds, and their gentle

"Jennettes of Spain that ben so white,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright,"

their happy voices, and the dogs beating the bushes by the stream-side. We see the bittern flushed ; and then, falcon, and marlyon, and gos-hawk, quick unhooded, and upsailing. We hear the tinkling of their silver bells — we see the general rush of the whole happy throng following the pursuit — our breath is quick — up, up soars the bittern in lessening gyration higher and yet higher, to keep, if, alas ! he may, keep above his un pitying pursuers, and avoid their fatal beaks. Vain hope ! that falcon hath o'ertopped him, and now he pounces, and the poor victim feels death in his struck skull, and surrenders his life among the stars !

Not always victorious is the falcon. There are vicissitudes in the war. The hern hath a long, strong, straight, sharp-pointed bill ; and if the hawk be unwary, he will spit his breast upon the dangerous spear thrown up to receive him, and, pierced through and through with a fatal wound, die ingloriously. We know a kindred bird, which bay-men call "the straight-up ;" a biped something between the heron and the quack, that is competent to do good execution after this wise. — (We once ourselves, unhappily, received a fearful thrust in our dexter, from a scoundrel whom we had wing broken on a salt marsh, which disabled us from pulling a trigger for a good fortnight.) — Somerville describes the performance to the life — to the death : —

"Now like a wearied stag
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage,
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and, cautious, hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death : down plum she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage."

Henry Inman! wilt thou not paint this picture? It is a striking illustration of "catching a tartar."

We are determined to become a faulkoner. We will build us a mew and an aérie, and we will speak to some country friend to catch us a young hen-hawk, and a few butcher-birds, and we will revive the science. We know a pleasant meadow, where the curlew screams, and the straight-up flaps his heavy wings, and the newly-paired seges of blue herons sit solemn by the border of the interwinding rivulet, watching with hungry patience what truant eel, or backsliding young crab, leaving the safe channel, shall "coldly furnish forth their marriage breakfast," and dear Mary shall ride with us to the green rushes, and —

Here Mary, leaning over our shoulder, shakes us gently by the ear, and tells us that we are impecunious, and points to a passage in aristocratic, cross, old Burton, and reads to us, unwilling — we confess we hate the truth sometimes — as follows: "Hunting and hawking are honest recreations, and fit for some great men; but not for every base, inferior person."

That is not we, Mary dear. "*Docti Sumus*; we are a gentleman bred, and educated, and" —

"Fiddle-de-dee; what are birth and education in a bank note world?" listen! listen! "who, while they maintain their faulkoner, and dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth runs away with their hounds, and their fortunes fly away with their hawks."

Reader, farewell! We are melancholy.

A REPLY.

"Trust in thee?" ay! dearest — there's no one but must
Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust!
For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,
And doubt that truth with it came down from the skies,
When each thought of thy bosom, like morning's young light,
Almost ere it's born flashes there on his sight?

"Trust in thee?" why, bright one, thou *could'st* not betray,
While thy heart and thine eyes are for ever at play!
Yet he who unloving can study the one,
Is so certain to be by the other undone,
That, if he cares aught for his quiet, he must
Like me, sweetest Norah, in both of them trust.

A SHARK STORY.

 BY HEROD ANTI-METRE.

PART FIRST.

1.

'Tis midnight by the helmsman's bell ;
 And slumber they, or ill or well,
 The watch must rally to the knell ;
 Tardily, comrades, cluster we
 Drowsy or wakeful, in sorrow or glee,
 Once more for toil, or for reverie
 All alone on a summer sea—
 Nay, but it greets us gloriously !
 All around is silver light,
 And all below is rest,
 And breezes come so softly slight
 We may not, would we, urge our flight
 From a scene thus blest ;
 From the lifting rail 'tis a pleasant sight
 To witness each tiny crest,
 Glimmering, so pearly white,
 In the gentle sheen of a tropic night
 When night is loveliest ;
 And dear, I ween, is the welcome bright
 Of the fairy pathway in the brine,
 That twinkles away to the west, in a line ;
 Broad, with countless lustres studded,
 And increasing glory flooded,
 Till it fades, alas ! too soon,
 Beneath the round imperial moon.

2.

There is not a wandering sail to intrude
 Save ours, on the sacred solitude ;
 Fitfully by the zephyr borne,
 Flapping and filling, and sweeping on,
 And flinging a shadow to the lee
 Where the ocean meteors form and flee,
 A rushing and changeful galaxy :
 We're many a league from the treacherous shore,
 And the coral reefs are far below,
 And some are watching the ocean flow,
 And some recounting past perils o'er,
 Listlessly pacing to and fro,
 And some, in dreams, at their homes once more ;
 Careless and tranquil, whence fear we a foe ?

3.

From the bosom of yon fleecy cloud,
 That has risen from the sea
 In the farthest west, so hurriedly
 As if it were with life endowed ;

A SHARK STORY.

Yon Titan cloud, that will not rest,
Toiling up to the middle sky,
With its many-volumed crest —
All silvered above, and its baleful breast
So murky in its die.

4.

Is it the far wind, careering,
Solemnly invades the ear
With a low sound full of fear?
"So idle are the winds, and veering,
Scarcely will our vessel steer;
And ill requited were our care
To note and guard against whate'er
But appals a sickly hearing,
While breezes are thus feebly fair."
Yet, bold mariner, beware,
That voice forebodes the tempest near,
Now strip your tall uninjured mast,
Too soon to bow before the blast,
For the hour is fleeting fast;
And soon it may be yours to rue
Undone what ye have power to do —
Nay, pause ye now? then pause for ever,
It comes, with the sweep of a swoln river!

5.

The shock is past —
The maddening rush, the quivering strain,
The spirit-sweep of the hurricane,
The flood-like fall of the sheeted rain,
And the blinding spray from the billows cast:
And softer light shall stream again
Ere long, upon the troubled tide,
And the furrowed foam subside;
But never again, o'er the ocean plain
Shall that bark in beauty glide;
Whelm'd beneath the tempest's wing,
A lustreless and shapeless thing,
Vanished all her graceful pride.
Ebbing and curling,
In glimmer and gloom,
The waters are whirling
To hollow her tomb.

6.

And hark! to the sudden and startling cry
Of her hapless crew, in their agony.
'Tis a fearful death that meets their eye,
And met with a more fearful shriek;
One, all languishing and weak,
Perish'd ere he left his pillow;
And one is buffeting the billow,
And four are crawling along the wreck
Helplessly at their chieftain's beck;
(Who, sooner had he sought the deck
Had saved them from the blow that smote)
Their only hope, a tiny boat,
Swung with many a frantic turn,
Half immersed and half afloat
Fettered to the failing stern.

7.

"Cheerly, comrades, cheerily,
Another stroke, and she is free

And again the axe has fall'n —
 "A rescue — she has cleared the side —
 Once without the eddying tide,
 We may yet in safety ride,
 Tho' winds be loud, and seas be swoln."

8.

Down amid the darkling water,
 The ill-starred bark has found a grave;
 The last air-bubble gems the wave
 Which no more shall foam athwart her,
 Or round her shattered bulwarks rave;
 The tiny boat yet lives to brave
 The surge, uprising sluggishly,
 Deeply lad'n as boat may be
 With an all unwelcome freight
 Of brine from the enfolding sea,
 Which one is struggling to abate,
 Of five wan forms that round her cling
 All drenched, and worn, and shivering.
 God be with them in their striving!
 The last and fated five surviving,
 The sixth — his soul has taken wing —
 Patiently and warily,
 With stiff'ning limbs and straining eye,
 And nerve still strung, they know not why,
 They circle round their thankless guerdon,
 A boat without an oar or sail,
 And threat'ning momentarily to fail
 Beneath her double burden,
 Ere her promised aid avail.

9.

What means the unwonted plashing
 Each moment doth renew,
 Unlike the billows' dashing
 Around the feeble few?
 And whence those lines of light,
 Meand'ring into sight,
 So serpentine and bright,
 And near and nearer flashing?
 'Tis the white shark, on his way,
 Gambolling amid the spray,
 Ere he sidles o'er to claim his prey:
 God protect thee, mariner!
 As yet, thou hast no eye nor ear
 For phosphor flash or eddies boiling,
 Or aught beside thy desperate toiling,
 But guests are gazing on thee there,
 Whose greeting, ere thou art aware,
 Shall cloud the one and close the other —
 Better, with thy perish'd brother,
 Hadst thou bubbled down to death,
 'Neath the storm-winds' earliest breath,
 Better to thy lost bark bound thee,
 Than thus, all gaspingly, resume
 Thy life, for a more loathsome tomb,
 The victim of a double doom,
 That gathers frightfully around thee.

10.

O madly are they conscious now
 Of their destiny of woe,
 And their no longer lingering foe:
 For one already dips below,

And one again the surface gains,
 What of his mangled form remains,
 And hardly would be ta'en for him,
 A gory trunk, without a limb,
 Save the arm that yet sustains,
 A moment in the tide to swim
 That lately curdled in his veins,
 To falter forth one feeble yell,
 To his mates a last farewell,
 And vanish, never more to rise :
 This not all the blood, that dyes,
 A season, with its purpling stain,
 The billows, that have spared in vain ;
 He, their young chief, whose kind control
 Supported each despairing soul,
 One of the few who can instil,
 A reverence in such hour of ill :
 The cheerer of their labor lone,
 Which well he aided to fulfil,
 Has followed him without a groan :
 And now linger there but three,
 Where a moment since were five,
 And of those, but two shall be,
 Ere another flits, alive.

11.

There, in restless agony,
 They seek the shelter of their yawl ;
 One to weather, and two to lee,
 And, tho' waters like a wall
 Rise round them, they were haply free,
 But the third, whose offered weight,
 Ensured her balance, and his fate,
 Ruthlessly from the side is torn ;
 And the boat is backward borne,
 And settles with a reeling shock,
 A plunge, a roll, and a gurgling rock,
 'Neath the curled wave, which seems to mock
 Their helpless, hopeless misery ;
 She rises, like a thing accursed,
 With her keel in air reversed,
 And whither for safety now shall they flee ?

12.

Thank heaven for that whelming roll,
 Which little tho' they cared to bless,
 Thus baffled in their dire distress,
 Yet won for them a tranquil goal :
 For the cowed water-fiends retreat,
 Alarmed by the unwonted strife,
 And ere again they dare repeat
 Th' attack, the victims wake to life ;
 (And gifted, it may be, from heaven,
 With strength for their emergency,
 For seldom have the desperate striven,
 So well, at once, and warily,
 Out-wearied with such ghastly toil,
 They clamber to her keel, she rallies
 From her prone weltering, and dallies
 A moment with her briny coil,
 (But not again their hopes to foil)
 And turns, and are they sure of sight ?
 They are within her, and she is upright,
 And floats as her burden were easy and light.

13.

Again the moon is shining ;
 But languidly, and pale,
 In the lowest west declining,
 Beneath a misty veil.
 And birds are backward winging,
 Who fled before the gale,
 Their small dark shadows flinging
 With melancholy wail,
 As overhead they sail,
 Where the boat is sadly swinging.
 But where are now her scanty crew,
 For but the black hull meets the view ?
 And their finn'd foes, do they renew,
 Their quest, and powerless of ill,
 Grimly hover round them still ?
 Alas ! they notice not, nor guess ;
 All unnerved, and motionless,
 And corpse-like, each upon his face
 They lie, in their damp resting-place,
 If alive, 'twere hard to know,
 From aught the unaided eye may trace,
 But the returning sun will show.

THE ANCIENT LITERATURE OF INTEMPERANCE,

OR

THE INTEMPERANCE OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

THE vice against which the spirit of the age is arrayed is not one of modern origin. It has existed to a greater or less extent ever since the recorded folly of Noah.

The earliest written histories, the oldest traditions, inform us that mankind, every where in all ages, have been addicted to drunkenness.

Amongst the Greeks and Romans (whom we are wont to call classic nations) intemperance prevailed almost universally. The children and women of Greece were partakes in the common vice.* Heroes and philosophers, priests and poets, soldiers and seamen, kings and common people, nay, *the very gods* whom they adored, were all stained with this debasing habit.

Drunkenness, on a thousand occasions, became an act of *religious duty*† in the opinion of those who worshipped the intemperate deities of the old Mythology. The convivial preparations of a classic tippler were more careful, and sumptuous, and costly, than any in modern times. Goblets of precious metal, splendidly wrought, and sometimes studded with gems — perfumes from distant countries, garlands of flowers,

* Homer. Odys. vi.

† Aristotle explains the word *Θαίvat* (feasts) by an etymological exposition that "it was thought a duty to the Gods to be drunk."

and a multitude of other accompaniments, were brought together; the presence of the Gods were invoked, and then unrestrained license was given to the appetite. *We* can form no conception of the extent to which the mirth, and jollity, and drunkenness, were carried by those who had no curb, of any description, fastened upon their excesses; who could plead the example of their deities for the utmost madness of debauch, and who deemed no act of intemperance wrong or unbecoming.

Prizes were offered to those who could drink most deeply: prizes were offered to such as should most quickly intoxicate themselves: and competitors, without number entered the lists and strove for mastery. Toasts were pledged without limitation, the master of the feast drinking first to all his guests collectively, and next to each individual; sometimes a goblet was emptied to every letter of the person's name who was pledged: a regular bumper was *three*, or *three times three*, goblets; and the measure of a goblet was not unfrequently a quart; and, in some cases (as in that of the cup of Hercules, twice emptied at a sitting by Alexander the Great), they held six bottles.

But I will not dwell on particulars of this revolting character. The fact that classic antiquity was deeply imbued with the guilt of intemperance, and with all those crimes and abominations which flow from it, is familiar to all. All are aware that it is impossible for modern tongue to describe the full enormities of former days, and that of some of them it is a shame even to speak.

And what was the intoxicating drink by which intemperance in ancient days was originated and perpetuated?

Wine! wine! "rosy wine," which the *bon vivants* of our age quaff from sparkling glasses, and whose light is still said to throw noon-day splendor on the midnight revel.

Who, that has read the literature of Greece and Rome, is not familiar with the long list of celebrated vintages which were the admiration of ancient bibbers, the theme of eloquent eulogy, and the fountain of poetic inspiration? *Cæcubian*, *Falernian*, *Massic*, *Setine*, *Surrentine*, *Albanian*, *Sabine*, *Nomentane*, and *Venafrian*, and a hundred others dear to classic *bon vivants*?

A recent author, inspired perhaps by *Sicilian muses*, or *Madeira*, thus bursts into rapture at the name of Falernian:—"No wine has ever acquired such extensive celebrity as the Falernian, or more truly merited the name of '*immortal*,' which Martial (a Latin poet) has conferred upon it. Its fame must descend to the latest ages along with the works of those mighty masters of the lyre, who have sung its praises."*

A multitude of hours might be spent upon the vinous learning which scholars have accumulated: but it is enough to refer those who would

* Henderson cited in Adam's "Roman Antiquities." Edin. ed. 1834.

learn all that can be known respecting ancient wines to the pages of Athenæus Macrobius and other erudite compilers.

The discovery of the art of making wine was considered by the ancients a matter of so great importance as to entitle its discoverer to a place among their gods. They therefore deified and worshipped him under the name of Bacchus. The use of wine, and the worship of this deity, preceded all written literature: and at the birth of poetry, which is the earliest form of composition, mankind were universally familiar with the intoxicating power of wine. They were, almost universally, addicted, as has been said already, to gross intemperance: and as they must immediately have learned that intoxication, in its early stages at least, produces increased activity and brilliancy of the imagination, it is fair to suppose that one of the earliest subjects of poetry would be the praise of wine. Such was the fact: and from that day to this present hour, the poet and the wine cup have, as an almost universal rule, been bound in close alliance.

One of the earliest illustrations to be found in Grecian literature, of the influence produced thereupon by wine, is the description given of the condition of the virtuous after death by the poet Musæus, who lived in a period antecedent to that of Homer, and of whose productions we know nothing except from the quotations and references of subsequent authors.

According to Plato this early poet asserted that after death the righteous were rewarded by being seated with the gods at a perpetual feast, and kept in a state of perpetual intoxication.

Singular as such a doctrine may seem to *us*, whether we regard it as indicating the character of the poet, the moral nature of early poetry, or the religious creed of antiquity, we must not forget that the same doctrine is to be found, in various forms, in all the poetry of Greece and Rome. Thus the poets, almost universally, represented the celestial Gods, and the other inhabitants of heaven, as indulging their various appetites without restraint, enjoying delicious banquets, and sending round the sparkling bowl until all heaven rung with the merriment: while, on the contrary, the dark deities and condemned souls in the world of woe, are described as being patterns of sobriety, temperance, and good behaviour: so that the veteran tippler, Anacreon, at sight of death, exclaimed, lamenting his future condemnation to abstinence —

“ And there’s an end! — for, ah! you know
They drink but little wine below !”

In the earliest poetry which has escaped from the ruin of ages, we discover abundant evidence that the intemperance of primitive times set deeply its stamp and impress upon this form of intellectual action.

Homer, the father and the prince of bards, born within that delicious

Ionia, whose very climate was calculated to seduce and corrupt, has given to posterity in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the record of his age's immorality.

The personages of the Homeric poems are enormous eaters, drinkers, and fighters. Their glory is to excel in shedding blood and in swilling wine. Achilles (as his tutor, Phenix, tells us,) was nursed on the juice of the grape. The venerable Nestor, at the age of ninety years, made use of a goblet in his potations of a size so enormous that when full of wine it was almost too heavy for one man to lift. Ships from Thrace and Lemnos, freighted with the rosy fluid, are constantly arriving at the Grecian camp before the walls of Troy. After every battle, or sacrifice, or council of war, follows a *drunken bout*, and not unfrequently a *drunken brawl*.

Upon this point a trifling anecdote may furnish an apt illustration. In preparing this paper I wished to gather from Homer some passages illustrative of my doctrine, and therefore requested a friend to look through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for such passages. In a very short time she had run through the two poems; and a host of marks, projecting from the end of every volume, bore witness that the search was not in vain. Surprised that the task had been performed so soon, I inquired how she had conducted the investigation. "Why," said she, "I glanced my eye along the thread of the narrative, and whenever I came to a *battle* or a *sacrifice*, I paused and read; for I knew that when they had done they would turn to drinking, and that after pouring libations to the Gods they would take a little wine themselves!" That reply is a brief but full analysis of Homer.

Let it not be imagined, however, that this censure on the poet is new. It was uttered more than twenty-two hundred years ago by a Pagan moralist, who was "*as a great light*" amidst the general darkness of his age, and the splendor of whose name now is, and always will be, as bright as ever. It was Socrates,

"Nomen præclarum, et venerabile."

who, in terms of stern severity, as we are informed in "*The Republic*" of Plato, denounced the blind old poet for putting intemperate sentiments into the mouths of both Gods and men: and for representing them as all alike giving way to drunkenness and every other brutal vice. What Socrates dared say, at a period when Homer was the idol of all Greece, and the morals of his heroes the model of universal imitation, we need not hesitate to *repeat* in this day of Christian light and elevated morality: but, adopting the eloquent language of a celebrated English divine,* we may declare that, to make Ajax and Ulysses, Achilles and Agamemnon, objects of Christian admiration, is just as easy as to suffer Satan, Belzebub, and Moloch in heaven.

* John Foster.

To add force to this opinion, let us illustrate it by a brief analysis of the first book of the Iliad.

The scene is laid in the Grecian camp below the walls of Troy. A deadly pestilence is raging there, sent amongst the Greeks by Apollo, to punish them for an insult which he has received, (in the person of Chryses, his priest, whose daughter, Chryseis, has been taken captive in war, and is now a slave in the tent of Agamemnon.) To avert the pestilence, Agamemnon, in a council of his generals, declares his resolve to send Chryseis to her father, but to console himself for her loss by seizing from Achilles one of *his* fair slaves.

At the announcement of this intended act of violence, Achilles rises in fierce passion; and in a speech which would, in our days, be called genuine scurrility, reviles and reproaches Agamemnon, calling him, amongst other things, a *notorious drunkard*.

Chryseis is sent home to her father under the care of Ulysses. On her reception a sacrifice is offered, and is succeeded by a convivial entertainment. In the language of Homer,

"they feasted, and were *all sufficed*.
When neither hunger more, nor thirst, remained
Unsatisfied, boys crowned the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left
Distributing the cups, served every guest."

Mean time Achilles, robbed of his mistress, applies, in search of vengeance, to his Goddess mother, Thetis; who, *Goddess-like*, pitying him for his compulsory chastity, promises to invoke the aid of Jupiter in sending calamity upon the Grecian host, because one of its leaders has interfered with the sensual pleasures of another. Thetis applies to the Thunderer, and obtains what she asks. But Juno, perceiving the interview, becomes jealous of her inconstant lord, and in an assembly of the Gods falls upon him with her tongue, like another Xanthippe,—scolding until we feel inclined to echo the ironical

"Tantane animis Celestibus iræ"

of Virgil. Jupiter replies with equal fierceness, and all heaven rings with their brawling. Peace-loving Vulcan interposes, and by the mingled eloquence of his arguments and of the proffered goblet, succeeds in allaying "this din among the Gods," who then fall to, like veteran toppers, and drink all day, until, at night-fall, they have just soberness enough left to help them crawl into bed.

It would be unpardonable to omit the poet's account of this celestial debauch:

"Jove said, when Juno, awful Goddess, heard
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will."

But through the courts of Jove, the heavenly powers
 All felt displeasure ; when to them arose
 Vulcan, illustrious artist, who, with speech
 Conciliatory, interposed to sooth
 His beauteous mother Juno, and began :—
 “What end can be expected but the worst
 Of this loud brawling for the sake of man,
 This din among the Gods ? *Farewell the feast*
 With all its joys, if spleen must thus prevail !
 But let me warn, (already not unwarned,)
 My Mother, to assume her sweetest smiles,
 To sooth my Father, lest he chide again,
 And the *whole banquet suffer* in the storm.”

He ended, and upstarting, placed a cup
 Full charged between his mother's hands, and said,
 “Be meek, be patient, rule thy troubled heart :
 Lest, tho' I love thee, and would gladly aid,
 I see thy punishment and want the power.”

So he : then Juno, beauteous Goddess, smiled,
 And smiling still, from his unwonted hand
 Received the goblet. He, from right to left,
 Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
 Distributed to all the powers divine.
 Heaven rung with laughter not to be suppressed,
 At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,
 And all were cheered ; nor was Apollo's harp
 Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
 Responsive melody of vocal sweets.
 But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
 Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
 By the lame, matchless architect, withdrew.
 Jove, also, kindler of the lightnings, climbed
 The couch whereon his custom was to rest,
 When gentle sleep approached him, and reposed
 With his imperial consort at his side.”

Such is the first book of the immortal Iliad : and such are the gods and men who throng the pages of both the great poems of Homer.

On another of his works, “the Margeites,” the *Bacchic* impress was more deeply stamped ; and, if we may credit good authority, the drunken spirit was redolent in almost every line.

Let us not forget, however, that even in ancient times, men of discernment regarded intemperance as the fruitful mother of crime, and believed themselves drying up the great source of criminality when they laid a legislative ban and interdict upon drunkenness. “Some lawgivers enacted laws against it, and others prohibited all computations where more wine was used than what was necessary for health. Some of the Grecian sages allowed no more than three cups : one for health, a second for cheefulness, a third for sleep.” Penyasius allowed no more than two cups, saying, that they who took the third dedicated it to strife and lust. Lycurgus, the Spartan, prohibited all needless drinking, as prejudicial to both body and mind ; and ordered that no

man should drink except to quench his thirst. At Athens Solon put a magistrate to death for intoxication: a precedent which might well shake the nerves of many a modern public officer. Pittacus of Mitylene enacted that whoever committed a crime when drunk, should be doubly punished. Romulus, regarded drunkenness as the cause of adultery, and made them both, in the case of females, capital offences; and we read of a Roman husband who, finding his wife intoxicated, with his own hand inflicted the penalty of the law.

Next to Homer, in the annals of Grecian poetry, comes Hesiod, whose works, in a mutilated condition, still exist. They give us the genealogies of the false Gods which his countrymen worshipped; an account of the condition of the earliest ages, and the gradual degeneracy of man; a number of moral and practical lessons, rules of agriculture, &c.

His representations of the Gods were such, that, according to Pythagoras, he was, after death, chained in eternal torture to a pillar of brass.

His account of that poetical era in man's history, called the "*golden age*," when mankind were perfectly virtuous and happy, show us that his ideas of bliss are such as we should consider very low and sensual. He seems to imagine that he has said enough when he informs us, in relation to men of that blissful era, that,

"Strangers to ill, their lives in feasts flow'd by."

He fails not, in his Georgical verses, to laud the gift of Bacchus — "of Bacchus gladdening earth with store of pleasantness;" nor to teach all that he knows concerning its production and preparation: while occasionally we receive from him an exhortation to indulgence. When the hot breath of summer noon is burning on the labourer's cheek says he,

"Oh, then be thine
To sit in shade of rocks: with Byblian wine," &c.

"With dainty food, there saturate thy soul,
And drink the wine dark mantling in the bowl."

But in didactic poetry, like that of Hesiod, we cannot expect to discover those strong symptoms of the moral habits of the age or of the author, as in either epic, lyric, or dramatic poetry.

A brief and cursory glance at some of the later literature of Greece will more clearly illustrate my subject.

One of the earliest masters of the Grecian lyre was the poet and musician Mimnermus, whose genius was unquestionably bright and beautiful. The fragments which time has spared from his poems, like

the ruins of an ancient temple, are fresh with immortal beauty ; although they remind us that their original was consecrated to the worship of a false divinity.

It is said that he was gay and joyous in a career of vice, which rendered his name dear to succeeding poets of licentiousness. From his poetical remains it is manifest that the dissolute habits of youth ended in sadness and sorrow, " an old age of senseless and sensual repining." The following lines are manifestly drawn from the bitter dregs of the wine cup :

" What joy in life, were golden Venus fled ?
Then may I sleep among the silent dead,
When this can claim no more : when tasteless prove
Soft bribes, the yielding couch, clandestine love.

" The aged man looks up and loathes the day,
Perpetual miseries make his soul their prey :
Of boys the mock, of women the disdain ;
The Gods have dealt to age the dole of pain."

Another ancient poet, " the debauched and malignant *Archilochus*," as he is called by *Ælian*, was banished from the temperate state of Sparta on account of the indecencies and immoralities of his muse ; the Lacedemonians, *unlike many modern parents*, cherishing a greater regard for the welfare of their children than for the genius of the poet.

It would have been quite as well, in point of morals, for all antiquity, had poets and poetry been wholly expelled from *Society*, as *Archilochus* was driven from Sparta, and as *Socrates* would have banished the *Homeric* fables from his perfect government. An early Christian father denounces the whole body of classic poetry under the very appropriate and graphic name of "*devil's wine*," an epithet which reminds us of the name bestowed by the sarcastic *Aristophanes* on wine itself,—styling it "*Venus's Milk*."

Some of the ancient Greek poets, whose verses were of a didactic character, have been justly accused of disseminating immoral voluptuousness under the guise of moral precept. Amongst these may be mentioned *Theognis*, whose verses were taught as a school exercise with those of *Homer* and *Hesiod*. Their value may be gathered from the fact that one of his precepts was this — " that it is improper and disgraceful to remain sober where others are intoxicated." This precept is but the lesson of many a grave philosopher of both Greece and Rome, and thus realizes Sir Philip Sydney's definition of poetry, " philosophy in verse." Such precepts being made a part of Grecian education, we cannot wonder that they were converted into the well-known convivial adage " drink or begone !"

A brief extract from the poetry of *Theognis* will illustrate at once

the value of his morality, of his logic and philosophy, and his regard for

"The goblet that cheers and the wine that inspires;"

while it will give us an opportunity to take notice of the strange circumstance, that even *the certainty of approaching death and the consequent brevity of life*, gave additional zest to sensual indulgence, and was used as an argument to more frequent and more abundant intemperance. Says he,

"Let harp and pipe in sacred song combine;
And, with libations of the sprinkled wine
Appeasing heaven, let converse blithe be ours,
And goblets, fearless of invading powers!
So it is best to trifle life away,
Our minds with care unburthened, light and gay:
So from dark ills of fate our thoughts defend,
From age unwelcome, and our mortal end.
In youth I blithesome sport: for soon shall fly
My spirit, and my body deep shall lie
Beneath the eternal ground, while years roll on
Laid motionless and speechless as a stone.
Yes! I shall leave the pleasant sun! nor more
Shall gaze on aught that gave me joy before.
Now then, my soul take pleasure! other eyes
Shall view the sun, and other men arise:
While I am lying cold, and stark, and dead,
With dusty blackness of the earth o'erspread.
Still leaps my heart, when breathing on my ear,
The lovely voice of murmuring flutes I hear:
The goblet cheers: the minstrels joyance bring,
And my own hands touch glad the thrilling string:
There breathes not mortal, on whose head the ground
Has closed, and hell's dark chambers compass round,
That hears the minstrel, listens to the lyre,
Or feels the rosy gifts of wine inspire!"

We find the same strange and awful sentiment expressed in almost every Pagan poet. Death is brought in with the goblet and the wine, and the only lesson of mortality is that of an old and familiar college song —

"Now or never
Let's endeavor
To seize old Time by the forelock!"

Acting upon this doctrine, the Egyptians always placed at their banquets (which were provincially intemperate) the skeleton of departed humanity: — that the visible presence of death might heighten by contrast the delights of life. To us the idea is scarcely less than sacrilege.

The disciples of Epicurus, whose maxim was *to live while they lived*, to crowd existence with every possible pleasure, and who denied the immortality of the soul, defended their sensual practices by urging the

fact that our days are few and short: and they seem to have been affected by the approach of death as the despairing sailor is moved by the prospect of inevitable shipwreck, when he madly breaks into the spirit-room, and drowns in inebriety the sense of danger. That their insane joy was rendered yet more frantic in this way we are assured by one of their own school, who says, in relation to himself, — "Shut out as I was, by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighborhood of death." *

Under unnatural excitation, and with that energy which it acquires from long indulgence, the animal part of man's nature assumed and exerted, in these ancient sensualists, a predominance over their spiritual part so great that the character, the wants, and the destiny of the soul were forgotten; the inner sense was blinded and deadened, so that the dread voice of death seemed but a Bacchanalian call to the wine cup; and they were ready to exclaim with Anacreon, when beholding their open sepulchres —

"Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb."

Of all the Greek poets, Anacreon may be called the high-priest of Bacchus — the greatest among the wine-bibbing and wine-extolling crew. Wine was to him the fire of his muse, the staff of his life, and the joy of his heart, as may be discerned in the light of a few quotations.

The poet has invited his friends to a supper: — a part of the entertainment, as indispensable as it now is at fashionable tables, was wine, — and in a strain which the modern tippler might envy, he exclaims: —

"Proclaim the laws of festal rite!
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the clusters' mellowing dews,
Their warm enchanting balm diffuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel as through the dance's round.
Oh, Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In mild, but sweet ebriety,
And flash around such sparks of thought
As Bacchus only could have taught!"

The nature of these "sparks of thought" can be readily understood by those who have heard or read the toasts and other effusions uttered at a fourth of July dinner or at a *rail-road* collation.

On another festive occasion he speaks more plainly and boldly — the burden of every stanza being, "I will — I will be *drunk* to-night."

* Moore's Epicurean.

Most men have some pleasure in intellectual exercise, — but learning and philosophy have no charms for Anacreon — who angrily exclaims in the true spirit of his class —

“ Away, away! ye men of rules!
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think;
But now they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim.”

Most men, as they survey the beauty and sublimity of nature, are led to *feel*, if not to *exclaim*, with the Psalmist, whose inspiration was from on high —

“ The heavens declare the *glory of God*, and the firmament showeth his handy work,”

— or, *at least*, to sympathise with the feelings of Shakspeare, when he declares that the *good man*, walking abroad,

“ finds books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Not so the poet whose inspiration is of wine : — his eye, in a fine phrenzy, rolling

“ From earth to heaven, from heav'n to earth,”

— discovers, in neither heaven nor earth, aught but a universal exhortation to intemperance : — in his ear the earth cries “ drink ! ” — the ocean echoes “ drink ! ” The glorious sun repeats, and the silver moon replies, — “ drink ! ” Thus saith Anacreon : —

“ Observe, when mother earth is dry,
She *drinks* the droppings of the sky :
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every *thirsty plant* that lives,
The vapours which at evening weep,
Are *beverage* to the swelling deep.
And when the rosy sun appears,
He *drinks* the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, *quaffs* her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence, with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is *drinking* !
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And *pledge the universe in wine* ! ”

“ Oh ! lame and impotent conclusion ! ” — Because earth and her planets, and old ocean and the sun, drink rain and vapour, while the pale moon indulges herself with drafts of borrowed light, — therefore the poet “ *will pledge the universe in wine* ! ”

So, in most of the poetry of antiquity we discover that nature has no charm, except as associated with sensual indulgence. Do you require another proof of this ? You will find it in that prince of Roman poets, Virgil. In the quotation which I am about to give, you will

perceive that the poet had an eye quick to detect, and a taste keenly to admire, the loveliness of external objects : — but notice with what debasing associations these beautiful objects are connected in his mind :

“ Why should it please to plod our weary way
Through clouds of dust, in Summer's scorching day ?
How better, far, on couches to recline
That drop with odours of refreshing wine !
Here casks, cups, beakers, wait ; here roses spring
To crown our heads : flutes breathe and viols ring :
Here the bowered walk a cooling breeze entwines,
And chequered shadows fall from arching vines.
Here, too, from an Arcadian grot's retreat,
A pipe, with shepherd music, babbles sweet.
From pitchy cask the new-drawn wine runs clear :
A brook, in brawling murmurs gurgles near :
Crocus and violet in one garland blow,
And saffron wreaths with purpling roses glow :
And lilies, dipt in clear and virgin spring,
Some Naiad shall in ozier basket bring.
Here cheeses dried in rushy frails abound,
And yellow plums, that heap the autumnal ground :
Chesnuts and apples, that sweet reddening shine ;
Pure wheat, gay love, and mirth-inspiring wine ! ”

The drinker can behold nothing of grand or beautiful in nature or in art which does not remind him of his brutal habit. Shakspeare's timid merchant, describing his probable feelings were his property at sea, exclaims : —

“ My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy ‘ Andrew,’ docked in sand.”

“ ——— Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me, straight, of dangerous rocks ? ”

The love of wine, like the love of money, associates itself, and the means of its indulgence, with all things else in heaven or on earth. The noon-day sun provokes the thirst : the shady bower provides the festive retreat : the smiling face of nature joyously invites to the goblet : if storms howl without, the drinking scene within is rendered more jovial by contrast, — as Horace says to Thaliarchus : —

“ Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire :
Bring down the vintage four years old,
Whose mellowed heat can mirth inspire ! ”

Perversions like this abound in all the descriptive poetry of antiquity.

But let us return to Anacreon.

The wisest of men has informed us that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting:" and all experience confirms his assertion, by teaching us that sorrow and affliction exert upon most hearts a purifying and holy influence. Crushed by adversity, the soul sheds forth its loveliest light — pours forth its most generous and gentle qualities — and loses its stains of selfishness and sin. But the laureate of Bacchus, like the half-barbarous populace of Ireland, converts the house of sorrow into a scene of intemperate debauch, — and bids us drown care and sadness in the blushing bowl.

"Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air!
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl, in nectar sinking:
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh, can the tears we lend to thought,
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no! The walk of life is dark;
'Tis *wine* alone can strike a spark!"

"Drink, and smile; and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink!"

Again the bard of lust and appetite exclaims —

"Within the goblet rich and deep
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye!
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray
In search of thorns from pleasure's sway!
Oh, let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave,
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!"

Such was the advice of the *Greek poet*; — In graver strain of prose the *Roman philosopher*, *Seneca*, has recorded the same lesson of folly. *Grecian philosophy* was equally charitable — similar to this is the sentiment of Horace: —

"Let the cheerful bowl go round —
Bacchus can our cares control,
Cares that prey upon the soul."

In the age of Anacreon, — nay, in all ages, — mankind have been moved by ambition — by that noble craving after distinction and fame which proves that the human mind cannot be content to grovel in

obscurity, or to perish for ever at the hour of death. 'Tis true that this impulse, in itself most admirable, has sought forbidden paths and used unholy means ; — has trampled on the rights, and spilt the blood of our race. But, *even in its perversion*, it is noble ; — and the absence of it is universally regarded as the mark of a degraded and brutalised nature. It has ever been the tendency of intemperance to deaden and destroy this soaring principle ; — to narrow down the circle of man's desire to the simple gratification of his senses ; — to render him regardless of the opinions of his fellow-men ; — to murder self-respect, and concentrate every pleasure, every desire, every hope, every affection, within "the rosy goblet's brim." It has always been so ; and while we lament this truth, as it is exhibited in those around us, we cannot forget that the same sad fact has existed in every age.

Anacreon, with all his poetic fire and genius, was, if we may credit his own assertion, or the story told by others, a contented sot. Listen to his words : —

"When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep:
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men!
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king!
Gives me wealthy Cræsus's store;
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight: —
Let me — oh, my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine!
Yonder brimming goblet see!
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh, I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!"

Even in modern times we are accustomed to yield a ready pardon to the excesses of youth, led astray by the mistaken ardor and overflowing exuberance of the feelings of life's early spring. But we expect and demand that manhood shall put a curb upon passion, — and reduce the vagrant impulse to the stern authority of sober habit. Much more do we reckon it a sin, and a foul disgrace, for an old man to abandon himself to intemperate appetites, and to live over his youthful follies and excesses : upon such a man we look as upon some ancient and crumbling tower, deserted by every thing but its vermin. Let us listen to the grey-beard sentiments of Anacreon : —

"'Tis true, my fading years decline,
 Yet I can quaff the blushing wine
 As deep as any stripling fair,
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear:
 And though my fading years decay,
 And though my bloom has pass'd away,
 Like old Silenus, sire divine,
 With blushes *borrowed from my wine*,
 I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
 And live my follies o'er again!"

"Hither haste, some cordial soul!
 Give my lips the brimming bowl!
 Oh, you will see this hoary sage
 Forget his locks, forget his age;
 He still can chant the festive hymn;
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim:
 He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!"

Death, stern and inexorable agent of Providence, seldom comes upon us unawares; his approach is preceded and foretold by many a solemn warning, by many a melancholy messenger bidding us prepare for the final change. And every rational man listens to these premonitory calls, and hastens to make himself ready for death — Anacreon, beholding the frost of age upon his head, recognises the harbinger of dissolution, — but strangely perverts it into a summons to intoxication.

"To-day," — says he,

"To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er should shine:
 But if to-morrow comes, — why then —
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again."

"For death may come with brow unpleasant,
 May come when least we wish him present,
 And beckon to the sable shore,
 And grimly bid us — *drink no more!"*

In the very face of death he exclaims: —

"And oh! before the vital thrill,
 Which trembles at my heart, be still,
 I'll gather joy's luxurious flowers,
 And gild with bliss my fleeting hours;
 Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
 And Venus dance me to the tomb!"

"I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
 This soul to slumber as I drink!
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
*And there's an end — for ah, you know
 They drink but little wine below!"*

Such was the poetry of Anacreon, whom Byron and a hundred

other poets, both ancient and modern, have called *divine*. "To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiments which pervades his works," says Tom Moore, "is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his Odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart." On such authority, remembering that Moore, having made himself the great master of modern lascivious poetry, would not speak too harshly of a kindred spirit, — on such authority we may decide that Anacreon was the very incarnation of lust and intemperance. This decision is amply sustained by the ancient records of his life. For nearly eighty-five years he lived in the indulgence of every brutal appetite, and consecrated his whole soul to the orgies of Bacchus and the impure revelries of the Paphian Venus. His death was characteristic and just: — he was choked to death by a grape-stone, in drinking a goblet of wine, — thus ending his "protracted fever of intemperance" in the very act of self-intoxication. "We cannot help admiring," exclaims his worthy biographer, Moore, — "that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition!"

The Athenians, amongst whom a part of his life was passed, erected a statue to his memory, — which justly represented him, as his favorite "Sire divine," Silenus, was represented, as a drunken old man; thus perpetuating his disgrace. But his infamy was made immortal by his own hand and pen, — and while no reader of his Odes can help admiring their spirit, wit, and beauty, no virtuous man can, after their perusal, fail to say with a ripe scholar of England — "he has not left on record one solitary sentiment that might subserve the interests of virtue."

I cannot close this notice of Anacreon without quoting from a modern poet, as a counter-check to the voluptuous tendency of the Anacreontics which I have repeated, the following lines of sober and awful truth: —

"O'er the dread feast malignant Chemia scowls,
And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls.
Fell Gout peeps, grinning, through the flimsy scene,
And bloated Dropsy pants behind, unseen:
Wrapt in his robe, white Lepa hides his stains,
And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains."

Darwin.

Did our limits allow us to enter into a full examination of ancient literature, we might furnish more numerous quotations from the Roman poets also, to prove that they, as well as their Grecian brethren, argued in behalf of intemperance and all other sensual pleasures, from the brevity of life and the approach of death.

Thus Catullus, a poet whose genius has immortalised alike the immoralities of both his life and song, and whose intemperate practices

inspired his intemperate verse, in view of death exhorts his mistress to drain quickly the cup of pleasure : —

“Let us live while we may
And love while we can,
And the scorn spurn away
Of censorious man —
The sun sits at night,
To rise on the morrow —
Death blows out our light,
And leaves us to sorrow.”

In this “voluptuous yet pensive immorality,” Catullus was followed and imitated by Virgil, by Horace, by Tibullus, and Propertius, and others whom time forbids our naming.

The following are the words of Virgil : —

“A mischief on the man, with brows of care!
Why, for ungrateful dust, reserve the flower?
Why, for a grave-stone, pluck the fragrant bower?
Bring wine! bring dice! Avaunt to-morrow's doom!
Death twitches, now, our ears, and “live!” he cries, “I come!”

Passage after passage, eloquently setting forth this strange sentiment, might be quoted from the luxurious Horace similar to the following.

Warning a friend not to pry into the future, he says —

“Thy life with wiser arts be crowned,
Thy philtred wines abundant pour;
Thy lengthened hope with prudence bound
Proportioned to the flying hour.
Even while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light!”

Tibullus apostrophises the object of his love in language resembling that already quoted from Catullus : —

“*Now* Fate permits,” says he, “now blend the sweet embrace;
Death, veiled in darkness, hastens on apace.”

Propertius, another Roman poet, who, like most of that school, was the slave of voluptuous and debasing habits, has, like each of the poets before mentioned, done much, by means of his writings, to corrupt mankind. They remind one of Milton's insinuation that such poetry is inspired by “the vapours of wine.” Besides a thousand other incentives to indulgence, he also names the certainty of death : —

“The fates allow us tender joys to day —
Enjoy them while they last —
For death will snatch them soon away
And all our joy be past.”

Can we avoid repeating, in this connexion and in conclusion, the words of Solomon — “The ungodly reason with themselves, but not aright — they say ‘our life is short, our time is a very shadow that passeth away, and after our end’ there is no returning: Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present; let us speedily use the creatures, like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us: let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered. Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness: let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place: For this is our portion, and our lot is this.’ ”

J. A. B.

TRUST IN GOD.

Trust in God! and he will guard thee!
When the tempest threatens, ward thee!
In the chill and cheerless hour
He will light thy lonely bower;
And, when earth is dark and dreary,
Pleasure palls, and life grows weary,
He will lend thee, for the fight,
Strength of more than mortal might.

Trust in God! The bleakest mountain
Bears within its breast a fountain,
Where the worn and weary rover
May his failing strength recover.
Every heart that looks above,
Trusts in God, and shares his love,
Is a fount of life, however
Rough the channel of its river.

Trust in God! The things we cherish
Most and fondest, soonest perish:
Hopes, the brightest, quickly fly;
Friends, the truest, early die:
But when hopes and joys decay,
Friends and kindred pass away;
Trust in God! and he will be
Worth the world beside to thee.

Trust in God! and when to death
Yieldest thou at last thy breath,
Angel-pinioned, thou wilt fly
To His mansions in the sky;
There the loved and lost will meet thee!
There thy friend and God will greet thee!
Freed from sin, from sorrow freed,
Thou wilt then be blest indeed.

A QUEEN'S FAREWELL.

A SKETCH FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

AN immense crowd was assembled before the door of the Hotel of St. Paul. It was evening, and the light of a thousand torches gleamed upon a covered litter, and upon the mingled arms of France and England, embroidered upon the violet-colored mantles of a numerous retinue of pages and men at arms. Several of the latter, who wore the arms of England, were sitting on horseback like so many statues, gazing mournfully upon the litter which they seemed guarding. A deep and solemn silence pervaded the whole crowd. When a casual observer stopped to inquire the meaning of this assemblage, the answer was invariably the same: "We are waiting for the widowed Queen of England, Catharine of Valois, who is returning with the body of her husband to his own merry England, there to take up her abode for ever. Her Majesty has come to bid a last farewell to King Charles VI., her father and our master. May God have mercy on us all."

His curiosity gratified, the idle inquirer would wend his way, gazing with equal indifference upon the litter which was waiting the pleasure of the youthful widow, and upon the brilliantly lighted windows of the palace, in one room of which was assembled a group of heart-stricken mourners. The room was small, overlooking the Seine; and was lighted partly by a small silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, and partly by the pale and uncertain light of the moon, which was in its wane. An elevated seat was placed near one of the windows, and beneath its heavy canopy, embroidered with the lilies of France, stood two female figures in the attitude of deep affliction. The glimmering light of the lamp, and the silvery rays of the moon, while it softened every feature of their faces, seemed to add a deeper tinge of melancholy to their whole appearance. As they stood in the shadow of the window they seemed about the same age, and yet were they mother and daughter. The one supporting herself against the back of a chair, was the beautiful Queen of France, the far-famed Isabella of Bavaria; the other, kneeling at her feet, was her gentle daughter, Catharine of Valois, the youthful widow of Henry V. of England.

There was a long pause ; Catharine buried her face in her mother's lap, while the queen leaned out of the open window as if for air, while her fast falling tears mingled with the rapid and flowing Seine. Suddenly she bent down her head till her lips touched her daughter's cheek, which she covered with tears and kisses. Alas ! alas ! Henry V., King of England, Regent of France, son-in-law, and, by act of parliament, successor to Charles VI., had just expired at the castle of Vincennes, at the early age of thirty-six ; and in his grave, the grave of the conqueror of Agincourt, were buried the warm affections of the gentle Catharine and the ambitious hopes of her more daring mother. Weary with weeping, the youthful mourner at last raised her head, and threw back the raven ringlets that clustered round her brow. She gazed upon the star-spangled firmament, upon the flowing Seine, till deep sobs again convulsed her frame. Her mother, with her eyes fixed upon the changing expression of her child's face, now covered her fair face with kisses, now bathed them with a mother's tears.

And this was Isabella of Bavaria, in whose breast glowed all a mother's love, unsubdued by the stormy passions which had made her the destruction of her sons and husband, and the bane of the kingdom of France. Guilty and unworthy as a queen, a wife, and a mother ; betrayed in her affections ; dreaded by some, despised by others, and detested by all ; lulling by sophistical reasonings the remorse which at times weighed heavily on her heart ; returning contempt for contempt, hatred for hatred ; there was yet one redeeming spot, one touch of womanly feeling amid this whirlwind of passions, and that was her intense, devoted affection for her lovely and gentle daughter. She loved and revered her as men love and revere virtue. All her hopes were centred in Catharine ; and to see her happily married, the wife of the heroic Henry of England, had been the dearest wish of her heart. But one crown for her daughter was not enough, she must be queen too of France, and though a crime alone could secure the diadem of lilies to Catharine, her ambitious parent did not hesitate. The Dauphin must be disinherited ; and, though he too was Isabella's child, she heeded it not. The Dauphin was disinherited, and his sister's bridegroom proclaimed as the successor of the weak and imbecile Charles VI. But of all this Catharine was guiltless. Wicked and reckless as she was herself, Isabella had watched over the purity, the unsuspecting innocence of her daughter's character, with all a mother's vigilance and all a mother's love. And when all her ambitious projects were destroyed by the early death of Henry, she felt as if her daughter were now her only tie on earth, her only apology in the sight of heaven. But here too her hopes were doomed to be blasted. The widow of England's Henry, the mother of his heir, must reside in her

husband's palace ; and when Isabella thought of her eternal separation from the child of her affections, she felt, she knew, that her punishment had begun on earth. Sad, indeed, was this last farewell, while the distant murmur from the city seemed to mingle with their whispering accents, like the first breath of the north wind, the unerring precursor of a coming storm.

"Mother," said the gentle mourner, raising her dark eyes and gazing earnestly in her mother's face ; "when next you gaze at evening upon this starry firmament, this noble river, this fair city where first I drew my breath, I shall have left my own dear land of France for ever. Mother, dearest mother, will you not sometimes think of your desolate child, of the wretched exile who is doomed never again to gaze upon her mother's face, or upon the clear blue sky of her father land."

"Think of thee," replied Isabella, "weep for thee, if tears are yet vouchsafed to me. Home, country, I have neither ; my home was in thy heart, dear one ; for thou, and thou alone, lovest me. My happiness was wrapped up in thine, and we, the mother and child, must part. Better, far better, to die, Catharine."

"Why, why did I become a hero's bride?" exclaimed the weeping Catharine.

"Why?" replied Isabella, bitterly, "to break thy mother's heart. My hatred has ever been successful, my love ever betrayed."

The young princess hid her face in her mother's bosom as she sobbed forth : "It was a dream, beloved mother, a bright, a lovely dream ; I was happy, beloved, the pledge of the happiness of two kingdoms, the object of a nation's love ; and now——oh God of mercy!"

"Catharine," said the queen earnestly, "tell me, a people's love must prove their sovereign's blessing. But I, I, daughter, am hated?"

"Mother," answered the princess, anxious to avoid so fearful a subject ; "mother, they tell me the Tower of London is cold and gloomy, a fit abode for a bereaved wife and sorrowing daughter."

"A queen, my child ! is ever sorrowing. I do not weep for myself, but for thee, so early called to suffer. And yet wilt thou leave behind thee a queen of France more to be pitied even than thyself. Seest thou that man?" continued she, averting her head and pointing to a corner of the room. "He would hate me if God had not bereaved him of reason. Around me are enemies. The Duke of Burgundy hates me, the Duke of Bedford needs me not ; the English despise and insult me ; and my son, oh God ! I have lost more than thou hast lost—splendor, happiness, power, hope ; and now must I lose thee, my only earthly comfort, the only creature whom I have not harmed."

Her sobs impeded her articulation, and she paused, exhausted by her

own emotions. Perhaps she hoped for one word of consolation, of extenuation, from her daughter's lips. But the picture was but too faithfully drawn, and again the shuddering princess hid her face without articulating a syllable. "I am not mistaken," continued Isabella, sadly; "my future, a hard, a fearful future, is before me. The time is fast approaching when alone, forgotten, in solitude, and perhaps in want, I shall terminate a life of ambitious projects, blasted hopes, and unrepented crimes. There will be no friendly hand to close my eyes, no kind heart to drop a tear or say a prayer for my soul, no human being to follow to St. Denis the corpse of the queen of France."

"Wolf," cried a voice which made them start; "where art thou, Wolf?"

The speaker was a tall thin man, with venerable white hair, and a striking and noble countenance. He was standing by a small table of ebony covered with cards, which he occasionally shuffled while his eyes were fixed with a stern and melancholy expression upon a velvet cap which lay at his feet. He was dressed in the rich garb of the times, but the gold on his embroidered suit was tarnished and the velvet rusty with age. There was altogether an air of neglect, almost amounting to poverty, about this old man, strangely at variance with the massive gold chain which encircled his throat. He seemed to be almost in a state of stupor, though now and then the name "Wolf," "Wolf," trembled upon his pale and quivering lips.

"Catharine," said queen Isabella bitterly, "that too is worse than death. Farewell, beloved one, farewell; virtuous or guilty, it is written women are born to misery. Farewell then to thee, the only being I have ever loved; I must yield to the fate I have carved out for myself. But thou, my idolized child, promise me never to curse thy guilty, thy wretched mother." As she spoke she clasped her daughter to her breast, and covered her with the most passionate kisses and most bitter tears. At length she raised her head and said: "My daughter! it is proper that thou shouldst bid farewell to the king of France, and shouldst beg thy father's blessing. A father's age and a father's blessing too is ever sacred."

The young princess advanced towards the old man who still stood by the table, knelt at his feet, took one of his emaciated hands in her own, gazed fondly in his face, and said, in low faltering accents: "Father, I am your child, your little Catharine; I have come to bid you a long farewell, and to ask you to bless me for the last time."

Charles VI. gazed with astonishment upon the lovely suppliant, whose mourning dress swept the floor while she continued kneeling at his feet. He seemed lost in thought, or about to seek advice from some one near him. At last he started, and said fearfully: "Are you asking for mercy? Well, well, you are forgiven."

"My God!" exclaimed Catharine, "he does not know me, he has forgotten his child. Father," added she, "I am Catharine, the Queen of England."

"Yes," replied her father, "Queen of England and wife of the Regent of France; for God has put his seal upon my brow, and there has been no king of France for many a long day, and yet I am not dead."

"Father, dear father!" burst from Catharine's lips in such heart-stricken accents that even the poor king seemed touched by them. "Do you call me father?" said he. "Yes, you are my child, my pretty, gentle Catharine. But why are you here, what has happened? I am always left alone now, I am very unhappy. But do not tell the queen that you have seen me. Poor child, why do you wear black, who is dead in the royal house of France? Is it your brother Louis, the Dauphin? Ah, he died long since, poison makes quick work. And perhaps," added he in a whisper, stooping over her, "perhaps you do not know that the queen, Isabella, has gathered together many treasures at Blois while the kingdom was plunged in want and misery. Then John must be Dauphin; but no, they told me he too was dead, and no one wears mourning for him but his father. Oh, there has been fearful misery in the house of Valois; but you, daughter, are happy, the bride of England's heroic king." "Alas, alas!" replied the young widow, "he too is dead, and I am of the fated house of Valois. My dream of happiness is over. My fate, to weep away my life in the cold clime of England, and in one sad blow lose father, mother, husband, all that I love. My son they have taken from me; he belongs to England, and a king, they tell me, has no mother."

Charles stooped still lower as he whispered: "It would be a sad thing, methinks, for a daughter of France to be seated on the throne of Lilies, and the Dauphin, her own brother, a proscribed fugitive."

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, my father!" exclaimed the young queen, wringing her hands in agony; "I do not deserve your cruel reproaches. I expected pity at your hands. Tell me, does this weeping, wretched suppliant, clad in the livery of wo, look much like a queen of France. Oh father! I am Catharine, your Catharine, whom you used in early days to love so dearly. Oh for one kind look, one kind word, from my father, to cheer my lonely exile. Time is swiftly passing away; look at me, dear father! call back your scattered senses to bless and kiss me for the last time. Do you not know your child?"

"Know you!" replied king Charles slowly; "call back my senses! Oh, now I understand you. You want me to tell you an old and very sad story. Well, there was once a king who chose to reign because he was born king of France. They gave him poison to kill him, but he died not, but reigned happily and gloriously many years. After him came another king, who wished to reign as did his father; but they gave

him the poison which destroys the mind. He did not die ; for men can cure the body, but the mind is of God, and he alone can restore it. The kingdom of France is wrapped up in want and misery, and who cares for that ? The king, and the king only. You weep, lady ; you think it is an old story ; no, no, it occurred but yesterday. Do you know what that poor king was once called ? The *Bien-aimé* ; but now his people are weary with misery, and they never speak his name but to curse him. Wo to those monarchs whose misfortunes are counted unto them as feasts. But there are two, two who have a fearful record against them in heaven. Do not say that one of them was Louis of Orleans, for he lies in yonder street weltering in his blood, and God alone can judge the dead. And oh," added he with a fearful shriek, "do not say that the other was Isabel of Bavaria, for she is the queen of France."

The shuddering princess listened with trembling and incredulous astonishment to these horrible ravings, while Isabella stood half concealed by the ample folds of the window-curtain, with bowed head and clasped hands, as if rivetted with horror to the spot on which she stood. The deep and awful silence was broken by approaching footsteps, and suddenly a large black greyhound dashed past Catharine, and rushing up to the king, licked his pale thin hands with every mark of affection. The princess pushed him aside, and endeavored to take her father's hand ; but he drew it impatiently away, and clasping his arms around the dog, while his face beamed with delight as on meeting with a dear and valued friend, "My daughter," said he reproachfully, "this is Wolf."

It was time to depart. Isabella of Bavaria raised her from the ground where she had continued kneeling at her father's feet, and arm in arm they walked through the long gallery which communicated with the queen's apartments without exchanging a single word, and shuddering as the caressing accents of the royal maniac and the joyous barking of his dog reached their ears. When the two queens appeared on the threshold, a loud cry was heard of, "the queen, the queen ;" which roused the youthful pages and slumbering men at arms from their lethargy. Catharine started as she met the dark and flashing eyes of an armed knight, whose scarlet plume and scarf fluttered in the night wind. Isabella frowned sternly as she noticed the impassioned gaze of the knight, and the deep blushes which covered the pale and beautiful countenance of her daughter.

"What name dost thou bear, sir knight ?" she inquired haughtily.

"Owen Tudor is my name, royal lady," answered the knight, gracefully bending his knee to the frowning Isabella. "I come from Wales, and have the honor of commanding the men at arms of my royal mistress, the queen of England."

"Daughter," said the queen, turning carelessly away from the kneeling

knight, "have you ever heard the story of Louis of Bois Bourdon, who was a brave knight and true, and held in high estimation by all men?"

"No, no," faltered forth the princess.

"Well, listen to me then, queen of England; when a knight dares to raise his eyes to his sovereign lady, he is guilty of treason. The Seine, my daughter, often bears dead bodies to the very steps of our palace, and when fishermen find such bodies as these caught in their nets bearing the inscription, '*this is the king's justice*,' they cast back their loathsome spoil into the rapid and flowing waters of the Seine."

In the meanwhile Charles VI. had remained alone, and seemed struck and alarmed by the solitude of his vast apartments. He seemed seeking some one, and put his hand to his forehead as if endeavoring to collect his thoughts. What had at first appeared to be a dream, now assumed a more certain and definite form. Now it was all plain to him that the weeping female, clad in sables, and kneeling at his feet, was *his* child; and he felt how it must grieve his daughter's heart to leave him for ever without his blessing. With his hand pressed tightly upon his heart, as if to fix his daughter's image there, he rushed impetuously through the gallery. Twice he mistook the entrance, and twice he retraced his steps; and, as if he were fearful that some other idea would drive all image of his child from his mind, he continued repeating, in a loud voice, "A blessing for my child, a blessing for my child." Again he passed the door, and as he caught the faint glimmer of the light in the room where Catharine had so lately knelt to him in vain, he wrung his hands in all the impotence of madness and despair. The perspiration rolled in large drops from his brow, his knees trembled as if unable to bear his weight, his brain seemed on fire. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind; "Wolf," he cried, "Wolf, come hither." The sagacious dog came bounding towards his master, gazed earnestly at his agitated countenance, and then with a loud howl he ran out of the apartment, and up the long staircase which communicated with the upper story of the palace. He hastily traversed several large and magnificent rooms, and never stopped till he reached a small iron balcony where the king was wont to sit of an evening counting the lights in the city, and listening, with evident pleasure, to the "Good night and God bless you" of those of his subjects who still retained some affection for their betrayed and unfortunate monarch. Charles had instinctively followed the steps of his intelligent favorite, and as the night breeze blew the grey hairs from his temples, he covered his face with his hands and for an instant forgot his purpose. It was, indeed, a strange scene. The light of the torches gleamed upon the litter, the pages, the men at arms, all dressed in the deepest mourning; while on the steps of the palace, immediately beneath the iron balcony, stood the majestic form of Isabella of Bavaria, supporting the trembling, weeping Catharine;

and they too, like the English retinue, were clad in sabres. Above them stood the maniac king, his long grey locks floating on the wind, and his pale and emaciated features looking still paler, still more care-worn, by the vacillating light of the moon. There he stood, gazing vacantly around him, utterly unconscious that the child so deeply loved, so fondly cherished, was leaving the land of her ancestors for ever. Just as her litter was put in motion, Catharine gave one sad despairing look to the home of her early happy childhood, and as she did so, she encountered the wandering, searching glance of her father. For one moment the light of reason beamed again as in days of yore, and stretching his clasped hands towards his daughter, he uttered, in tones which, though low and faltering, sank deep into the mourner's heart, "God bless thee, my own, my loved one. The God of mercy bless thee."

The men at arms closed round the litter, and soon their measured tramp, the ringing of their swords and bridles, and even the light of the torches, were lost in the distance. Charles VI. stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the spot where last he had seen his child. Perhaps the memory of early days was rushing across his mind; the four first brilliant years of his reign, succeeded by thirty years of madness, wretchedness, and despair. Tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks. Perchance they fell as he thought of the engaging childhood, the blooming, budding girlhood of the pale and mourning princess, dragged from the home of her affections, to spend, in a cold and stranger land, an exile's life of misery and tears. Perchance they fell as he thought of the dreadful scenes which had passed in that fair city, now wrapped in slumbering security; of the two horrid murders in the Rue Barbette; the treason of Perinet; the massacre of the Armagnacs; and, saddest of all, at the remembrance of the haughty English conqueror, the hereditary enemy of France, seated upon the throne of the Valois.

The damp breeze from off the water at last recalled him from his dream of other days. He left the balcony as if reluctantly; and, retracing his steps, he soon found himself in the gallery, which in the course of our story we have already mentioned more than once. He was chilled with cold, and his voice trembled as he called for some of his attendants. But they, apt imitators of their superiors, cared little for a king who was treated with the most barbarous neglect even by his own wife. "It is a pity," murmured the poor shivering monarch, "it is a great pity that a King of France should perish with cold. Is there not one, of all those who have eaten of my bread, to save me this night from a dreadful death?" He drew near the large fire-place, in which a few ashes still emitted a slight degree of heat; he stretched out his cold and trembling fingers, and vainly endeavored to restore their circulation. The black greyhound was lying directly across the

fire-place. "Wolf," said his master, "make way for me if you love me, for I am freezing to death. Wolf, dear Wolf! see how I tremble; will you let your kind old master die?" The dog was asleep, and heeded not the voice of his wretched and neglected protector.

Charles VI. slept with his fathers, and his gentle daughter became the bride of Owen Tudor.

THE PIKE AND THE SHARK.

A FABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZACHARIA.

A PIKE, long used to domineer
In a small river's eddies clear,
Conceived himself, by Nature's grace,
Chief ruler of the piscial race.

"What hinders me," the vain fool cried,
"From ranging through the ocean tide?
Can I not there my power display,
And lord it with despotic sway;
Proclaim my royal sovereign will,
And all the tribes with terror fill?"

No sooner said, than off he hied
To seek the broad Atlantic tide;
And scoffed at perch, and flouted bream,
As down he coursed his native stream.
— Puffed up with pride and folly, he
Saw not his project's vanity;
But proudly to the ocean came,
A king's prerogative to claim!

But what was his dismay, when first
He saw the tribes old Ocean nurs'd!
He view'd with terror and despair
The mighty monsters harboured there;
His visions bright of empire fled,
And craven fear fill'd him instead.
— Long, long, alack! was it before
He could feel re-assured once more;
But when at length his air-bag swell'd
With self-conceit, he felt impell'd
His regal rights and claims t' assert;
— Claims none might dare to controvert!

and they too, like the English retinue, were clad in sables. Above them stood the maniac king, his long grey locks floating on the wind, and his pale and emaciated features looking still paler, still more care-worn, by the vacillating light of the moon. There he stood, gazing vacantly around him, utterly unconscious that the child so deeply loved, so fondly cherished, was leaving the land of her ancestors for ever. Just as her litter was put in motion, Catharine gave one sad despairing look to the home of her early happy childhood, and as she did so, she encountered the wandering, searching glance of her father. For one moment the light of reason beamed again as in days of yore, and stretching his clasped hands towards his daughter, he uttered, in tones which, though low and faltering, sank deep into the mourner's heart, "God bless thee, my own, my loved one. The God of mercy bless thee."

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But when at length his air-bag swell'd
With self-conceit, he felt impell'd
His regal rights and claims t' assert;
— Claims none might dare to controvert!

Then boldly shooting from the coast,
 He rush'd before the finny host;
 Announc'd himself their sovereign dread,
 Of piscial realm the lawful Head;
 Demanded homage due; and swore
 He'd rule the main from shore to shore!

At his presumption much amaz'd,
 The whales and dolphins turn'd and gaz'd;
 But left him unmolested, till
 He told them 'twas his gracious will
 A penal code to introduce,
 To check misconduct vile and loose.
 — Then, ere he could proclaim his laws,
 A shark distended wide his jaws,
 And, heedless of an austere frown,
 His royal Majesty gulp'd down!

Thus little wits oft leave the sphere
 Where they were wont to domineer,
 To venture on the broader stage
 Where stronger spirits warfare wage;
 But, 'stead of winning laurels proud,
 Are crush'd and swallow'd in the crowd!

A FORENOON'S CRUISE IN THE CHINA SEA.

"HELM's a lee!" — "Raise tacks and sheets" — "Let go and haul" — "Clear away that fore-top-gallant brace." Such are the pregnant phrases that intrude themselves on my unwilling ears as I lie cradled in my cot, in the starboard after-state-room of the cabin of the Gadfly, East Indiaman; lat. by obs. 22 north or thereabouts; long. heaven knows what, at a quarter past sunrise, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and blank: — How provoking! I am irretrievably waked up — Heigh-*hei-gh* ho! Steward, is that you? "Yis, sir." "Have they made the land yet?" "Yis, sir, coast all along to starboard." "The deuce! where, O where are my trowsers." Reader, ahoy! turn out, be visible—on deck forthwith; and (if Ebony leaseth not,) you shall see "Cathay, the core of farthest Ind" — The giddy foothold of the Antipodes — The goal, attained, of a panting pilgrimage over half the circumference of the globe. Many leagues withal to the eastward of the rosy East itself, that nestling-place of love and wonder, dearer in its associations with gorgeous fable, than Greece and Rome in theirs with a fascinating but threadbare history.

A region embalmed of Arabian tales ; the land of mystery and bamboo canes ; of art upon crutches and civilization in second childhood ; where moon-descended potentates were reigning, ages before creation, over moon-struck men. In brief, you shall look, as yet through a glass, darkly, at the south coast of China, as exhibited in the neighborhood of Lintin. Pray, now that we are up and gazing, does it, think you, appear at all Chinese ? Can you see aught but interminable ranges of bleak, brown, jagged hills, (Anglice mountains,) without a rag of proper verdure to cover their nakedness, and scarce whiskered under the telescope with a scanty allotment of stunted pines ?

Still do not ridicule my fairy-land of promise ; my queue-topia, for lack of astounding peculiarities at first sight—don't sing in disappointed irony,

A Chinese sun above our heads,
And Chinese waves below,
And Chinese breezes all around,
How *Chinesely* they blow !

in the vein of the schoolboy who wept because his first-seen elephant was not as big as a church ; for I am about to reveal novel features in the sea-scape. Look under the bows — there are *white* porpoises — if we gain our roadstead to-night, you shall see the waters turbid with the rush of an Oriental river. Shade your eyes for a moment, and behold that perfect *chevaux de frise* of fishing-smacks, along the horizon ; with their "inmates amphibious," beings, not partially water-proof, like all other legitimate fish-takers, but living — *de facto*, *tota vita*, on the sea : pickled for ever in brine — lapping the milk of infancy, and pillowing the dying hoary head, alike on Thetis's bosom ; making their wet, uneasy boats, at once cradle and homestead, travelling carriage, fish-stall, and grave. Let us overhaul one or two of the fleet ahead for inspection.

"Run out that foretopmast studding-sail boom, and bend the tack and halyards — sheet home royals, fore and aft — set the flying jib — port your helm a little, and keep her shaking." Off we go — the ship waltzing with the water to the tune of "Bounding billows," and rapidly nearing the nearest boat. Here it is at last ; ducking and bobbing, and bowing and scraping under our lee ; stern high and dry, and nose puddling along, half under water, as if sharing the slippery quest of its occupants. The sails are bamboo — the crew, — aid me spirit of G. Cruikshank ! or how shall I cause to be appreciated these quaint "co-heralds of the dawn ;" — these sentinel cherubims of the Celestial Empire : these first impressions ; these long-tailed, squirrel-toothed, swarthy representatives of still concealed, and yet-to-be-discovered Chinamen. But there they lean and squat, and stare the "too tran-

scendant" vision of a fleeting moment, as we are sweeping by. Now or never — the scene is patriarchal: I can count the generations. A bare headed antediluvian couple, the Saturn and Ops of the convention, are peeping out, half hidden, from their kennel on the deck. Next comes a kind of nondescript slattern, with woollen sash and infinite trowsers, cheek by jowl with a little turnip of a boy, all body and queue. Then a triangular bare-footed helmsman, the tiller in one hand the sheets in the other, voluble as a magpie, and looking, from choice and necessity, three ways at once. With six or seven supernumerary grotesques, the common costume being any thing that comes to hand where every thing but salt water is scarce, set off with a huge cape, and surmounted by an acre of hat. "All in the wind forward—Hard a weather with your helm, booby!" But our Palinurus, like ourselves, has been gaping at the "natives." There they go: gliding, bounding, chattering, astern; with their naso-guttural cadences, (think of the tender small-talk of juvenile swine!) their naked feet, their dingy drapery, and every thing that is theirs; all overshadowed with those parasol hats, like a senate of Titan toad-stools.

Another boat. A pendant, possibly, to the last, to judge from its "complement of men," which consists of one old woman and a little boy; the latter comprising, perhaps, the larboard watch. Poor solitary things! Let us buy some of their fish, for charity's sake, for admiration's sake too, I might add, for they will prove *ichthio-dandies*, ocean exquisites, coated and spangled most rarely with gold and silver.

Now, as the shore is still distant, and no adventure promises or threatens, let us dream of one, by the aid of a very pertinent book which I hold in my hand. Sit, if you please, on that water-cask, and sweep the horizon with your eye. You must realize that these prolific seas were once the cruising-ground of "fishers of men:" not however, by any means in the apostolic sense; I allude to the Ladrones. An association of pirates, perhaps, (the old Northmen and the Algerines excepted,) the most formidable on record. Their rise was singular. A few hundred provincials, alienated by petty oppression, and seeking refuge in petty piracy, were reinforced from time to time by a few hundred starveling neighbors. Less than two lustres beheld them masters of a fleet, whose admiral talked of changing the dynasty of the realm. Anon, seventy thousand desperadoes, with eighteen hundred sea-worthy vessels, emboldened by successful incursion, brooding, like an incubus, over the whole Southern coast, threading her rivers for tribute, blockading her sea-ports, strangling her Colonial commerce, spurning her feeble force and feebler tactics, placed China much in the posture of a foolish old hen who has unwittingly hatched a cocatrice. The bamboo of celestial justice might have menaced them to this hour

(at a respectful distance) but for intestine quarrels, and a subsequent compromise which resulted in pardon for the submissive *Ladrones* and a Mandarinship apiece (by way of indemnity) to each of their admirals.

The latter have since approved themselves, of course, the most zealous and unsparing among thief takers. Well ; I read that, in the year 1810, (no matter what day of what moon,) a cutter of the H. C. ship 'Marquis of Ely,' containing an officer, a Chinese pilot, and six or eight sturdy tars, was lost in a fog while hastening to rejoin that vessel at her anchorage not far below Macao : that they stood about hither and thither in sore distress for three days ; saw nothing of the ship, had nothing to eat worth mentioning, and finally (desirable consummation !) fell in with pirates. The scene of their distress, their captivity, and tardy ransom, is now before our eyes. Unlucky dogs. Methinks I see your wan faces peering through the mist, late in the afternoon of your third day of trials, guessing at the cardinal points, and searching in vain for something like a sun to steer by. Stout men sicken by starvation and long exposure, and ye have learned to watch and wake with a vengeance ; and have digested your last morsel of green orange forty-eight hours ago. A sad substitute, this, for the merry circling of the Capstan, and the seducing *Rogue's March*, quickening the anchor's rise for dear, distant home. But the fog breaks ! Huzza ! and sails, kind, welcome sails, are in sight : two boats to windward, and a whole bamboo squadron on the lee. The boats bear down. All huzza, save that old oriental wharf-rat, the pilot ; and what says he ? " *Lad-rones* kill us if they catch us." Whe-w ! Then pull, boys, promptly — for God's sake pull, for the fishermen to leeward. And right strenuously *do* they pull themselves into very equivocal quarters. Unwitting suicides ! The lee fleet are *Ladrones*.

" Their chieftain from his lofty poop, already, with his eye
Is bidding them the welcome of the spider to the fly."

And now he courteously lowers his boat. And now forty bare blades are gleaming in the returning sun above their half score of uneasy necks. One word from yon queer scoundrel, and heads and trunks may bid each other good by. " *Ingish, Ingishmen !*" screams the pilot, short jackets and a uniform have proved (under Heaven) their salvation : the *Ladrones* recognizing the English as costly victims, and, better still, as very redeemable commodities at second hand. See the sufferers now fettered to the floorings of a war-junk. The first scrutiny of the captors is over. The shower of swinish monosyllables and uncouth acclamations that greeted their entry on board, has ceased : and, spite of famine, and insult, and crushed hopes, you may trace that *hiptrousered* stoicism, that sort of *Wapping* resignation, that identifies a group of British tars in distress. Slighting all intermediate loafers, their eyes are coolly dilating upon a figure in jetty skull-cap and purple

robes, perched on the shelf-like quarter-deck: the grand inquisitor, as it were; the chairman of the surrounding committee of roguery. 'Tis the captain of the squadron, the redoubtable Slam-bang-ti, or some such musical designation; soi-disant scourge of the Eastern Ocean; and certes not unworthy the serio-comic perusal of our heroes. But what now? A supercilious punch from behind, a sudden side glance, and lo! the apparition of an earthen trough, with something at last, thank Ceres, to eat. "Want ye lice?" sneers the bearer: and they fall to like hyænas; not, (a plague upon Chinese mouths that cannot sound an R,) not indeed upon the tiny people petted of Leuenhock, but upon *rice*; wholesome, tenderly boiled, and seasoned with caterpillars!

Another turn, an it please you, of fancy's kaleidoscope. They are tenants of a new prison, the flag-ship of thief-admiral Taou. Scowlingly listens that worthy, while the old pilot, acting as interpreter, and yet quivering from a perquisite of torture, is clenching former testimonies, and treating for ransom on behalf of his less gifted clients. Were ever men so ill fattened by three months' diet upon balked anticipations, accompanied though they undoubtedly were with messes of rice 'a la Ladrone,' and occasional God sends of ambrosial rat-pies. How unlike the once hale, cleanly cutter's crew. A medley of scare-crows in scratched noses and tangled hair, with faces the very wrestling-ground of smut and pallor. To-day is the crisis of their fate: a messenger from friends awaiting a sworn promise or a plump refusal of liberation, is very impartially munching his opium hard by, utterly careless of the issue. His burglarious highness surly, the mediator cringing, but wary, meeting a world of extravagant demands, with "Hy, Yah, no can give," and a most dolorous obeisance and shake of the head. (A hundred thousand dollars, be it premised, was the meed of rescue first insisted on.) Fifty thousand — "No can;" forty, thirty, twenty thousand — ditto, do. do. And now succeeds a private confab with our corps of breathless ragainuffins. "Can give three thousand dollars, and make see directly." Whizz! rejoins the sabre of the chief, by way of a gentle hint against encroachment. But the offer is most unexpectedly accepted, on the sole stipulation of risking their lives to aid their tormentors in an impending battle.

Hark to the gongs and the braying horns! The fierce, unintelligible, shouts of command, the fitful booming of brass cannon, and the baying of rusty swivels. The hail-like rattle of a myriad of stones on the sides of lobster-shell junks; the splash of short-coming missiles; the 'gentle roar' of a Chinese sea-fight! Crack, — crack — crack — crack — crack! English muskets! — How easily detected is their compact native eloquence amid all this barbarian thunder. Six hours have our friends taken part in this pleasant pastime, and six more (life

lasting,) will still find them at it; naval actions here not being 'done up to order' in thirty minutes, as with us. In fact, stones and arrows are apt to wound more than they kill, and the celestial powder has a *vis inertiae*, a home feeling, a sad unwillingness to go off, without infinite coaxing. At last the opera closes with a desperate self-sacrifice on the part of the government commander Kwo-lang-lin. He blows up his junk: a huge gingerbread cradle of five hundred tons, peopling the air with blazing rubbish, and figures of parched Chinamen, ascending and descending. The bulk of national vessels is seized, and the Ladrones bear away the 'cutter's men,' still safe, as might be expected; their lives, (not, alas! their noses,) being charmed from the beginning with a sprinkling of garlic water.

Now let us ransom them, (for 'tis seven bells, and almost dinner time.) What shall heave in sight on a blessed morning but the gun-brig * * * (not always a guest so benignant,) with all the means and appliances for speedy, certain deliverance. See her careering over the swell with snowy canvass and elastic hull, brimful of hope and mercy and beef and pork, nearer, and nearer, and nearer. 'Tis Elijah's raven, Noah's dove, to their long, dim, and rayless, but now relighted eyes. She 'heaves to,' and their hearts flutter. 'Can truth divine thus tire upon the wing?' Nay, but Ladrones are jealous of armed intrusion; the brig must hold aloof, and the communication be midway by boats. Oh the impatience of the poor cadgers to shake their fists in safety at the frosty, cruel authors of this delay!—The brig's gig has dropped plashing into the water: down from the channels flash a dozen white-trowsered shins, and now the oars are rattling in their row-locks with a jirk and a roll of egregious good-will. They have gained the robber's envoy, (that two-masted contribution-box,) and a weighty bag of dollars is transferred and on its way * * * * His avarice the admiral, is counting: "Quisi—bad dollar." (The preposterous old rogue!) At last he rises growlingly, and the 'fonquis' are released. Imagine a knot of eels slipping from a trap? They are over the side in minus five minutes. Never creaked the bamboo appendages of the comprador's boat as now they creak, straining to the wind in passage to the gun-brig's gig. They have won it at last; three cheers! and what a wild wagging of tongues and whistling of tarpaulins: "How fare ye, Jack?" "Poorly, thank ye, Gill,"—rough welcome and kindly interchange season the homeward pull, till now, on the brig's deck, in the centre of safety, begirt with glad welcome and mighty guns and ruminating tars, behold them consigning all pirates, and Ladrones in particular, to 'the Devil and Co.'

All this would be a mighty tedious adventure for us to meet with after all; and we are perhaps quite as well off to be smoothly approximating to Macao, most ignobly well fed, with whole skins and purses,

clean shirts, and a tight uninjured vessel. The hills are grown gloriously distinct, are they not? and huts and rocks are beginning to—no matter what they are beginning to do — say you—*dinner is ready!*

W.

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies
 If such the wide earth shows —
 With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes
 Match us the star and rose ;
 The winds, that lift the Georgian's veil
 Or wave Circassia's curls,
 Waft to their shores the Sultan's sail,—
 Who buys our Yankee girls ?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
 Love's thousand chords so well ;
 The dark Italian, loving much
 But more than *one* can tell ;
 And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
 Who binds her brow with pearls —
 Ye, who have seen them, can they shame
 Our own sweet Yankee girls ?

And what if court or castle vaunt
 Its children loftier born,—
 Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
 Beside the golden corn ?
 They ask not for the courtly toil
 Of jewelled knights and earls—
 The daughters of the virgin soil,
 Our free-born Yankee girls.

By every hill, whose stately pines
 Wave their dark arms above
 The home where some fair being shines
 To warm the wilds with love ;
 From barest rock to bleakest shore,
 Where farthest sail unfurls
 That stars and stripes are floating o'er —
 God bless our Yankee girls !

THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

SOME girls were bathing one day in a river whose banks nourished not a single tree to shadow its waters, and one the most beautiful of them all lingered after her companions to gather white pebbles from the bottom. A water-spirit, who had assumed the form of a muskrat, sat long watching her from the shore. He looked at her shining shoulders — at her long dripping locks and the gently swelling bosom over which they fell; and when the maid lifted her rounded limbs from the water and stepped lightly upon the green sod, he too raised himself from the tuft of rushes where he was hid, and, recovering his own shape, ran to embrace her.

The maiden shrieked and fled — but the prickly-pears cut her feet, and the tall grass of the prairie impeded her flight without screening her from the view of her eager pursuer. Frightened and fatigued, she would have sunk on the ground as he approached her if she had not been supported by a tuft of flags while hastily seizing and twining them around her person to hide her shame. In that moment her slender form grew thinner and more rounded; her bleeding feet became indurated in the loose soil that opened to receive them. The blades of the flag broadened around her fingers, and enclosed her hand; while the bright pebbles that she held resolved themselves into milky grains, which were kept together by the plaited husk. The baffled water-spirit sprang to seize her by the long hair that yet floated in the breeze, but the silken tassels of the rustling maize was all that met his grasp.

[*MSS. of a Western Tourist.*]

REGRETS.

WHERE are the voices — the tones that blest,
The heart that lov'd me, and hands that prest;
The smiles benign,
And the hopes once mine,
Which gave to my being its life and zest?
Gone in the rush, of earth's bright streams
Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

Where are the glowing and fragrant flowers,
That decked the path of the sunny hours ;
 And Elysium bright,
 Where reigned delight,
In ethereal bloom, over earthly bowers ?
 Gone in the rush of earth's bright streams
 Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

Where are the earlier hues, that gave
A beauty, and glory, to mountain and wave,
 A rapture and spell,
 For the heart to dwell,
On lonely flood, or by moonlit grave ?
 Gone in the rush of earth's bright streams
 Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

Where are the blossoms of love that blew,
Expanding to light in the morning dew ?
 Gone — they are gone —
 And with weed o'ergrown,
And verdureless, now, is the place where they grew ;
 Gone in the rush, of earth's bright streams
 Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

Gone are the halycon pleasures, that burst
On the vision of life, in its dreamings first ;
 And fruitless as they,
 Are gone to decay,
Fond ties long cherished, and warm feelings nurst.
 Gone in the rush of earth's bright streams
 Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

Gone are the voices, — the tones that blest,
The hearts that loved me, and hands that prest ;
 The smiles benign,
 And the hopes once mine,
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 Gone in the rush of earth's bright streams
 Of gathered joys, to the home of dreams.

T. H. H.

"O'ER ALPINE PEAKS."

O'er Alpine peaks' eternal snow
 Heaven's lambent lightnings harmless play ;
 Those fires that waste the plains below,
 Mocking the vallies' paler day,
 In robes of light the summit fold,
 And crown its front with ruddier gold.

So on the soul, that, true to Heaven,
 Soars from the world's degenerate thrall,
 The storms that other towers have riven,
 Seared other hopes, unheeded fall.
 But, touched with beauty more divine,
 In trial stern its virtues shine.

E. F. E.

Columbia, S. C.

LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

THE bar, bench, and legislators of Arkansas ! There is a wide field to travel in ! Can I amuse you while in it for an hour ? Before attempting it, let me take a hasty glance at the early history of the Territory.

At the time when the famous LAW was blowing up his Mississippi bubble, a colony of Frenchmen, under his instructions, ascended the river Arkansas sixty miles above its mouth, and settled near the present post of Arkansas, where they built a kind of fort. The present Territory was then inhabited, principally, by two tribes of Indians — the Osages and the Quapaws, both branches of the same family, and speaking dialects of the same language. The Quapaws have dwindled away to nothingness, and the Osages have removed beyond Fort Gibson ; and there are now by far less Indians within the bounds of Arkansas than of Georgia. The settlement at the Post neither increased or diminished, to any great extent, up to the time when the treaty of cession transferred the people to the United States. They intermingled somewhat with the Indians, and their descendants still form a large proportion of the inhabitants of the two counties of Arkansas and Jefferson — speaking their own loved language, and seeming like a small colony in a distant land. There is some noble blood among them — as, for example, the descendants of Le Compte Va-

liere D'Hautrieve, and of Don Carlos de Villemont, a former commandant under the Spanish *regime*. The shoots of these noble families are, perhaps, as good republicans as any among us.

After the Territory of Arkansas was detached from Missouri, and made a separate principality and power, the first governor sent here by our good step-dame, the United States, was James Miller, a Yankee — the same man whose memorable answer is on record, when asked if he could take a battery — "I'll try." I think he has since been a custom-house officer at Salem, Mass. Governor Miller left this Territory universally beloved, and his name is remembered with respect and affection. His mild, unaffected, easy manners — his simple and plain republicanism — and his excellent good sense, gave him a high claim upon the people of this Territory, of which he was emphatically the father.

There is an anecdote connected with his administration which is too good to be lost. Col. Walker, a lawyer of the Territory, and one of the oldest residents here, was the sheriff of Hempstead, a frontier county on the south; during the time of the governor's rule, a band of Indians (Cherokees, from Red river) made some inroads upon the county, and at length stole some horses. Col. Walker raised the *posse*, followed them and killed a couple of them. Recollecting afterwards that he had acted without authority, he posted to the seat of government, and presented himself to Governor Miller. Colonel Walker is a large, fine, bluff-looking man, not much afraid of any thing. The governor received him with great politeness, and requested him to be seated.

"Well, Colonel Walker," said he, "what news from Hempstead?"

"Not much, your Excellency—only those infernal Cherokees have been in among us, robbing us of our horses again."

"When? — more than once?"

"Yes, your Excellency — half a dozen times."

"Why did not you follow them?" he inquired in great wrath.

"What! without orders?"

"Yes, Sir — without orders. You should have killed them, Sir."

"So I did, beautifully," was the response — "a couple of them."

The governor was taken all aback, but of course had nothing to say. Not long afterwards he held a council with the same tribe. The chief lamented the death of one of the men who had fallen, and said he was "good man, heap." "What does he say?" inquired Miller. It was interpreted. "Tell him, then," said the governor, "that he was in d — d bad company?"

This same Col. Walker, some years since, was challenged by a French merchant residing at the Post. On the appointed day, Walker

was on the field, and shortly saw his antagonist approach, accompanied by four or five servants, each loaded down with arms. "Well," growled Walker, "if I had known you intended bringing an army, I would have thrown up a breastwork."

The successor to Governor Miller, was Hard, of South Carolina. He was in every respect the antipodes of his predecessor. Proud, aristocratic, and haughty, his military education and service had added to the traits of character naturally created by an education in the south, and he held very little communion with the "vulgar herd." Any approach to familiarity tortured him; he seldom appeared in the street, and never frequented balls or parties of any kind. Yet Governor Hard was a fine gentleman, a scholar, and a man of polished taste; and withal, as brave, chivalrous, and honorable a man as ever lived.

Shortly after he arrived here he was called upon by some man from one of the northern counties, who had been commissioned a justice of the peace. The fellow entered his house with as much carelessness as though he were entering a log cabin, and after a word or two had passed, addressed the governor in the following words: "Your Excellency sent over a parcel of commissions to our county the other day, and my name was in one on 'em. It had the *dead goose* on it, your Excellency, and my name on it, and that was all right, your Excellency. But, George!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder, "there was some of them had no name on them at all. To be sure they had the *dead goose* on 'em, but there was no name. That was not right, George. Let's take a little salt and soap." This gradual falling from veneration to familiarity — and an invitation to drink with his visiter — or, as he expressed it, "to take a little salt and soap," absolutely horrified the governor.

He was succeeded by Governor John Pope, a Kentuckian, and the former competitor of Henry Clay for Congress. He was once in Congress, and this year opposed Ben Hardin in Kentucky, and got beaten. His principal displays upon the political arena were made during the contest between the old and new court parties in Kentucky, when the following anecdotes were told of his consistency.

I forget on which side he originally was. He was at that time, however, a member of the Legislature, and on the day upon which the vote was to be taken, the party with which he had been acting found themselves in danger of a defeat. Pope, who was the leading man of his party, was absent. The discussion came on — his friends were disheartened — when suddenly he made his appearance, covered with mud and jaded by hard riding. He immediately addressed the House in a long, eloquent, and energetic speech, and when he sat

down, was greeted with great and continued applause. A long debate followed, and when the vote was taken, John Pope *voted against his own speech.*

At another time a vacancy occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Bench. The Governor of the State was desirous of nominating an individual to that office, but was deterred from doing so, because, from calculating the votes of the Legislature, he knew that the party opposed to him (including Pope) would have a majority of one vote. One evening Pope went to him, and informed him that he had come to the determination to support that gentleman for the judgeship, and that if he would put him in nomination, he, John Pope, would vote for him, which would throw a majority of one vote in his favor. The Governor therefore laid the nomination before the Legislature on the ensuing morning, and John Pope *voted against him*, and he was rejected.

Notwithstanding all this, Gov. Pope is a man of talents, of considerable political experience though of no political stability; and of great shrewdness and common sense — eloquent in debate — and of excellent conversational powers. There are no men more entertaining than he, until *John Pope* becomes the theme, and then he is intolerable.

Governor Pope was removed this year, and succeeded by William S. Fulton, former secretary of the Territory — a thorough-going Jackson man. He is, I may venture to hope, the last governor of the Territory of Arkansas.

The Territory now contains about 53,000 inhabitants. It is divided into *four* judicial circuits, containing each from *seven* to *nine* counties. In each county a term of the Circuit Court is held semi-annually by one of the Judges of the Superior Court, who are appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate. Two terms of the Superior Court are also held every year at Little Rock, at which the four Judges should attend, though there are seldom more than two on the bench.

The Judges of the four circuits are Benjamin Johnson, Edward Cross, Thomas J. Lacy, and Archibald Yell. Judge Johnson is a man of fifty-five years of age I should think, and a brother of Richard M. Johnson. My impression is that he is decidedly superior to *Tecumseh* in point of talent, as he certainly is in learning. He is a good lawyer, and a man of great goodness of heart. His countenance is one of the finest I ever saw. His forehead is high and broad — his mouth compressed — and he has a strong resemblance to the portraits of Jackson, except that the stern expression is changed for one of urbanity and kindliness of heart. His face is in truth *magnificent*; I have seen but two or three in my life which equalled it. In private

life he is a true republican — a convivial and boon companion — and a kind husband and father.

Of Judge Cross I know but little. He is a planter; a kind and hospitable man, and of sound sense; but no great lawyer or politician.

Judge Yell is a Tennessee lawyer — a good, unaffected fellow — and with experience will make a good Judge.

Judge Lacy is also a Tennessee lawyer, and defended Beauchamp for the murder of Sharp. He is reputed a good lawyer.

So much for the Judges — now for Circuit riding. A lawyer in this country, who rides two circuits, travels about 1200 miles a year. He mounts his horse, puts his saddle-bags and blanket under him, and takes to the cane-brakes and the winding hill roads. The Court House in which he practises, is a small log house, with planks laid on *chunks* for seats and a chair for the Judge. Here is none of the paraphernalia of a court of justice — no ermine — no robes of office — no sheriff's sword — no imposing forms and ceremonies. Yet here, would you believe it, Sir, there is as much respect shown to the court as in your own New England; and if a noise arises within hearing, it is instantly stilled by a fine. I recollect the astonishment with which I first saw a court in the west; but I have become accustomed to it, and have made many a speech in a log house since I took up "the trade" of a lawyer in Arkansas. We are troubled with few books in our journeyings — and yet I have heard it remarked by lawyers from the east that they had found the members of the bar in this country to be the best off-hand lawyers they had ever known. A lawyer here is forced to have his science at his finger ends, or he is done. There are many, however, who make some tremendous displays of eloquence. For example, I once heard one gentleman at the bar talk of a man "bullying and *predominating* over his equals" — and another said that "the prisoner at the bar had beat the boy, and *amalgamated* his head."

One of the oldest lawyers in this country is the gentleman of whom I spoke in a former letter as being fond of Latin. He was formerly a Judge of the Circuit Court. I recollect another anecdote of him, which was as follows: He was practising before Judge Trimble, (who knew not a word of Latin,) and in arguing some demurrer, he broke out with a long string of quotations. It was a jury trial. Parrott, also a lawyer, replied to the learned gentleman in a string of gibberish, which as much resembled Dutch or Choctaw, as Latin. The other appealed to the court to stop Parrott, inasmuch as he was not quoting Latin or any thing else. Parrott averred to the court and the jury that his Latin was as good as the gentleman's, and the court and the jury both decided that it was.

The gentleman of whom I am speaking, is a very excellent technical lawyer and a good Chancery solicitor; but his head is full of queer notions and vagaries. For example—he once determined to become a farmer, but refused to *plough* his ground because it was never intended by God that the face of nature should be *disfigured* for the purpose of raising corn. With this idea upon the subject, he poked holes in the ground and dropped his corn in. His wife, however, took the matter in hand, and made a very good crop. At another time he worked for a while at perpetual motion with an old Dutchman.

Yet this same man, when a Judge, after being plagued and vexed for a long time in a case before him of some importance, in which the principal lawyers of the Territory were engaged, owing to their mismanagement and want of research, gave an opinion suddenly, in which he showed them that the counsel on both sides had from the beginning mistaken the case — were radically wrong in their views of it, and totally ignorant of the law of the case. A more learned, luminous, and convincing legal argument has seldom been heard — never, in this Territory; and a clap of thunder in the Court House could not have more astonished the lawyers.

I have very little to say about the Legislature. It has just adjourned. There were some men in it who are destined to figure in Arkansas, and perhaps elsewhere. The greater proportion of the members were rough, but sensible and honest; but there were some two or three who would in the east have secured themselves a place in a hospital for idiots.

The principal business of the last Legislature was to take means to call a Convention for the purpose of forming a constitution for the state of Arkansas, to be presented to Congress for approval. We have, perhaps, travelled out of the beaten track in not first obtaining *permission* to form a Constitution. We believe, however, that we have done no more than we had full right to do, and no more than the necessity of the case demanded. The Convention will consist of fifty-two members, and meets at this place early in January. If they form for us a republican Constitution, we trust in the justice of Congress for its acceptance. We trust that the people of New England, though we will go into the Union only as a slave State, will say welcome to Arkansas. I congratulate the old State of Massachusetts on her present position. I congratulate my native city — my old mother city — for I was born in Boston — that she has lifted her voice against the disorganising and abominable schemes of the fanatics. Every such meeting in the North as that in Boston, is a blessing, a relief, a security for life and limb to the Southern slave. Every movement of the abolitionist is riveting the fetters on the limbs of the negro — heating them red hot, and scorching them in — increasing his daily task — narrow-

ing down his measure of comfort and relaxation — and exposing him oftener to the lash. Why? Because it increases suspicion in the planter, and renders more strictness and more security necessary; yea, gives excuse to severity. The curses of the slave will be as deep and terrible against the fanatics as those of the Southern planter.

I tell those men, and I know some of them personally, that their schemes are impracticable — that the negroes cannot be liberated — that if they could, it would produce a war of extermination, resulting in the absolute extinction of the slaves — that the negroes of the South are as well fed, as well clad, as well attended in sickness — aye, better, than the poor classes of whites at the North. I tell them, too, that the greatest curse you can inflict on a slave is to free him. I have become convinced of these things since I left the North.

Perhaps I have *individualized* enough. Let me *generalize* awhile.

Not long since I received a letter from a gentleman of few years, but great promise, who had been *raised* in Arkansas, and was writing to me during his first visit to New England. The following passage occurs in one of his letters: "When I first came to the East, New England seemed a strange land — its people a distinct people, agreeing with the far West in nothing but different dialects of the same language and a few relics of the common law." The same impression was produced upon me when I came to the West. Every thing was radically, thoroughly, and essentially different. The appearance of the country — the manner of living — the courts — the elections — the habits of the people — their language and expressions — was strange, singular, and odd to me. Of course, all towns bear a resemblance to each other; but I speak of the country and its inhabitants. Here we have none of the broad, level, and luxuriant pastures — none of the trim hedges — none of the old and venerable stone walls, built for many years — which are seen among you. The few fields which dot the surface of Arkansas would hardly convey to you, or any Eastern man, the idea of cultivation. Round them runs a zigzag fence, built of rails, commonly called a Virginia fence — answering all the purposes required in a new country, though only capable of lasting five or six years. Within, the huge blackened stumps, or the tall skeletons of trees stand thick among the tall corn. The roads are rough — often nothing but byepaths; and with only here and there a house scattered along them. There are no continuous lines and bodies of field land and meadow. You leave one ragged enclosure — and are again plunged in the deep gloom of the bottom, on the rough masses of upland forest. The dwellings of the people, too, are different. There are few of the commodious farm-houses which are to be found in the East; but the residence even of a rich planter consists of a log-house for a dwelling, surrounded, in admirable disorder, with negro cabins, more

resembling pigstyes than any thing. To one house are frequently attached ten or fifteen of these cabins. Barns here are unknown. The corn and fodder of the farmer (for he makes no hay) are disposed of, the one in cribs built of logs, and the other in stacks. Here are no villages, with the tall spires rising far above the tops of the houses — no village bells — no town clocks. Here is no voting by ballot, but all elections are conducted *viva voce*. Every thing, in short, which I can remember — every boyish recollection, is at variance with the things around me here. I look back, and think of the stone-walls — of the fine orchards — of the barns and hay mows and the huskings — of the village church with its choir and its bass viol or its organ. None of them are here. No mowing — no making of hay — no cider press — no scythes, rakes, and pitchforks. (I have not seen a scythe in five years.) No prayers in the churches for the dead or the absent — no thanks for the returning wanderer. No merry sleigh bells — no rattling stages — no pomp and pageantry of militia musters. I am confident that were I to return now to New England, I should feel truly a stranger there. I should miss my horse and my gun — I should feel myself trammelled by grades and *castes* in society — I should be like a man just awakened from a long dream.

With regard to the language of the West, it has been too often caricatured for me to attempt it. The peculiarities of the West, so far as regards language, have been ludicrously exaggerated by almost every one who has written on the subject, and about as much justice done us as Matthews did you when he enacted a "brother Jonathan in England." "Flambergasted," "exflunctified," and a hundred such words, have been served up by experienced cooks, as having and smacking of, the true Western flavor. I am incapable of marking down and particularizing the peculiarities in the language of the West. These peculiarities have become my own — they have ceased to be odd or quaint to me — I use them myself. I might, perhaps, briefly give you a few — but no more. For example, the word *mind* is still used here in its meaning of *remember*. Thus, "do you *mind* the time?" &c. "Splurge" is a common word, meaning *tumult*, *noise*, &c. "Surrygorous," and "survenomous," are common words. *Husking* is called "shucking." A *thong* is called a "whang." A place where liquor is sold, "a doggery." *Hair*, *bear*, *stair*, *et id omne genus*, are pronounced *har*, *bar*, *star*, &c. *Contrary* is always pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. *Villain* is pronounced *Vilyain*. The words "seen" and "seed," are often used for *saw*.

Perhaps before I conclude my letters I may give you some more peculiarities if I think of any. For the present — good night!

ALBERT PIKE.

THE MINISINK.

1.

ENCIRCLED by the screening shade,
 With scatter'd bush, and bough,
 And grassy slopes, a pleasant glade
 Is spread before me now ;
 The wind that shows its forest search
 By the sweet fragrance of the birch
 Is whispering on my brow,
 And the mild sunshine flickers through
 The soft white cloud and summer blue.

2.

Far to the North, the Delaware
 Flows mountain-curv'd along,
 By forest bank, by summit bare,
 It bends in rippling song ;
 Receiving in each eddying nook
 The waters of the vassal brook
 It sweeps more deep and strong ;
 Round yon green island it divides,
 And by this quiet woodland glides.

3.

The ground bird flutters from the grass
 That hides her tiny nest,
 The startled deer, as by I pass,
 Bounds in the thicket's breast ;
 The red-bird rears his crimson wing
 From the long fern of yonder spring,
 A sweet and peaceful rest
 Breathes o'er the scene, where once the sound
 Of battle shook the gory ground.

4.

Long will the shuddering hunter tell
 How once, in vengeful wrath
 Red warriors raised their fiercest yell
 And trod their bloodiest path ;
 How oft the sire — the babe — the wife
 Shriek'd vain beneath the scalping knife
 'Mid havoc's fiery scathe ;
 Until the boldest quail'd to mark,
 Wrapp'd round the woods, Night's mantle dark.

5.

At length, the fisher furl'd his sail
 Within the shelter'd creek,
 The hunter trod his forest trail
 The mustering band to seek ;
 The settler cast his axe away,
 And grasp'd his rifle for the fray,
 All came, revenge to wreak —
 With the rude arms that chance supplied,
 And die, or conquer, side by side.

6.

Behind the footsteps of their foe,
 They rush'd, a gallant throng
 Burning with haste, to strike a blow
 For each remembered wrong ;

Here on this field of Minisink
Fainting they sought the river's brink,
There, cool waves gush'd along,
No sound within the woods they heard,
But murmuring wind and warbling bird.

7.

A shriek! — 'tis but the panther's — nought
Breaks the calm sunshine there,
A thicket stirs! — a deer has sought
From sight a closer lair,
Again upon the grass they droop,
When, burst the well-known whoop on whoop
Shrill, deafening on the air,
And bounding from their ambush'd gloom
Like wolves, the savage warriors come.

8.

In vain upsprung that gallant band
And seized their weapons by,
Fought eye to eye, and hand to hand,
Alas! 'twas but to die;
In vain the rifle's skilful flash
Scorch'd eagle plume and wampum sash,
The hatchet hiss'd on high,
And down they fell in crimson heaps,
Like the ripe corn the sickle reaps.

9.

In vain they sought the covert dark,
The red knife gash'd each head,
Each arrow found unerring mark,
Till earth was pil'd with dead.
Oh! long the matron watch'd, to hear
Some voice and footstep meet her ear,
Till hope grew faint with dread;
Long did she search the wood-paths o'er,
That voice and step she heard no more.

10.

Years have pass'd by, the merry bee
Hums round the laurel flowers,
The mock bird pours her harmony
Amid the forest bowers,
A skull is at my feet, though now
The wild rose wreathes its bony brow,
Relic of other hours.
It bids the wandering pilgrim think
Of those who died at Minisink.

A. B. S.

Monticello, Sullivan Co. N. Y.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Laurel: a Gift for all Seasons,—being a collection of Poems by American authors. Boston: Edward R. Broaders. pp. 252, 12mo.

THIS is decidedly the most tasteful of the collections of American poetry which have fallen under our notice. One or two have been made in England, and if we may judge from the opinions of the Periodicals, received with favor. None of these will suffer comparison with the present; and indeed we are not aware of any compilation of verses simply lyrical, by British bards, whose superiority we ought to fear. No one can turn over the pages of this little volume without being affected by the chaste and glowing sentiment which pervades every line of its poetry. It is singularly free from that mawkish affectation which distinguishes the hyper-metaphysical school of modern rhymesters. It can lay no claim to the merit of mystification. Upon no page have we found either obscurity or dulness; it is clear, simple verse, making no pretension and standing in need neither of explanation or apology. It is precisely what the well-written preface of a well-judging Editor declares it to be, a collection of "some of the most popular fugitive pieces, by American writers."

And this is the best kind of poetry we have ever had produced in this country. Our authors are too busy to write poems in cantos, and were they not, our people are too busy to read them.

There are those, however, who affect to despise these humble soarings of the muse, and are content only with a long and mighty flight. To such we would recommend, as proper food for their gigantic intellects, Barlow's Columbiad, Fairfield's Last Night of Pompeii, or, what is better than either, a magnificent epic which sends down headlong to immortality the famous Daniel Boon, the first settler of Kentucky. One Bryan or Ryan, or some such "Emerald Isle" individual, *was* the author or *is*, if he has not already followed his epic. There is the famous Fredoniad also, which might serve these Brobdignags of literature as a sort of light literary collation, by way of staying their stomachs in their hunger for the stupendous. For the benefit of the miserably ignorant, we would state that this great epic is ingeniously divided into five cantos—curiously arranged in their subjects, thus: *First Canto—Heaven: Second Canto—Heaven continued: Third Canto—Hell: Fourth Canto—Hell continued: Fifth Canto—Battle of Detroit*. Besides these poems, we are sorry that the lovers of the obscurely sublime, who so eagerly devoured Mr. Pollock's Course of Time (which we strongly suspect to be all a hoax) can be gratified by us with the mention of no other works in America of a similar character. There are none besides that we have heard of; but should there be any such, we should consider ourselves particularly indebted to a constant reader, who would procure it on his own account and forward it to us, carefully packed in a hogshead, by steam-boat and rail-road car, freightage paid. We should be happy to deposit it, without perusal, with Pollock and the others in our cellar which we have had arranged for the purpose,—not wishing to put any heavy strain upon the upper beams of our habitation.

To that Lilliputian class who, to heaviness and lead prefer lightness and gold, we would commend, as a book that a child might read with pleasure and an old man listen to with delight, this pretty collection of poems — most tastefully made, and as tastefully named "The Laurel." Long may it bloom around the poet's brows! But we have not quite done with it yet. Such roses do not grow on every bush; and we must pluck one or two by way of showing the reader that we have not too highly commended their beauty and fragrance. Like a conscientious draper, we will give one or two patterns, cut off at random from the whole cloth, to show the excellent texture of the fabric.

We first "*excissorize*"

THE LAST LEAF.

BY O. W. H.

"I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"My grandmama has said —
Poor old lady — she is dead
Long ago;
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

"But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches — and all that,
Are so queer!

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring —
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling."

Here is another from the same original and graphic hand — a bold, spirit-stirring lyric. It was written when there was some talk about dismantling the glorious old ship Constitution. The author's advice, happily for these times, was not followed.

"OLD IRONSIDES.

"Ay! pull her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many a heart has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the conqueror's tread
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

"Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms —
The lightning and the gale!"

Here is a little song — very touching and very grand — by the most highly-gifted and deeply lamented of those departed bards — many of whose productions this little volume will rescue from oblivion.

"THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

"On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death;
Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair,
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there!

"Who watches their course who so mildly
Career to the kiss of the breeze?

Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas!
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

"Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
With its shadows the foundering wreck?
'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

"My eye is the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave —
I shall take to my breast — for a pillow —
The shroud of the fair and the brave —
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

"My foot on the ice-berg has lighted
When hoarse the wild winds veer about,
My eye when the bark is benighted
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird," &c.

"Returning a Stolen Ring," by C. Sherry, is a gem. But who is C. Sherry? At the risk of disturbing the placidity of one of the most promising politicians among the young men in our country, we declare C. Sherry, in this and in all other pieces through the volume, to be John O. Sargent, Esq., editor of the Boston Atlas.

"RETURNING A STOLEN RING.

BY C. SHERRY.

"Well, lady, take again the ring,
To deck that lily hand of thine,
And with it take the gift I bring
To lay on beauty's golden shrine.

"With every joy and pleasure gay,
May all thine hours roll swift along,
And life in beauty glide away,
Like the rich cadence of a song.

"May friendship shed its gentle rays,
To make the path before thee bright;
And love serenely gild thy days,
With a more deep and brilliant light.

"And in that future happy time,
Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,
Say wilt thou read this careless rhyme,
And him who wrote remember not?

"Remember not! and can it be
That joyous memories ever die?
That all my heart can feel for thee
Is but a lightly whispered sigh?

"Ay, it is written on our lot,
That lot so varied, dark, and strange,
To meet, to pass, and be forgot,
In painful and perpetual change.

"But dash this idle gloom away,
And be again the gay and free;
Thou must not to thy dying day,
Forget this stolen ring and me!"

The happiest efforts of Bryant, Halleck, Sprague, &c. &c. may be found in this choice little volume; but are too well appreciated to need new commendation. Let those who doubt whether our country has produced any poet worthy of her historical renown read "the Pilgrim Fathers," by Pierpont.

To escape the imputation of having quoted and referred to only the most excellent portions of "The Laurel," we conclude our notice with extracting a somewhat plaintive bit of verse by one of the editors of this Magazine, who, while pleased to see his name in such a goodly company, cannot be supposed to think his rhymes better than the poorest in the collection.

"THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"The departed — the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But, where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed — the departed
Can never more return.

"The good, the brave, the beautiful —
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep.
Or where the hurrying night winds
Pale Winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

"I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone —
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown.
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees;
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

"That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of Summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

"I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone!"

American Antiquities and Discoveries in the West. By Josiah Priest.
1 vol. 8vo. T. & C. Wood, New-York.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES! "Ancient!" sneered the wicked Fanny, when her chaperon, "Col. —," pointed out to her a house some sixty or seventy years old, as an object of interest. "Ancient quotha?" as if there could be aught of antiquity in a land of yesterday! Beautiful Beatrice, she had never read the work of Mr. Josiah Priest, or she would have known that the ruined castles and mouldering abbeys of her own boasted land, with all their time-honored associations, were but things of yesterday, compared with the hoary PAST, which, brooding here so long unhonored, has at length had its dim veil raised and its sphinx-like features revealed to our worship.

Talk of Melrose, Tintern, Kenilworth? of the knightly Percy or wizard Michael Scott? Why, the Ark itself was built in this country, and Noah — ay! Noah and his three sons, were all AMERICANS.

"It may fairly be inferred," says our author, "that as Noah was born about 1000 years after the creation of the world, that mankind had, from necessity, arising from the pressure of population, gone very far away from the regions round about Eden; and the country where Noah was born may as well be supposed to have been America, as any other part of the earth; seeing there are indubitable signs of antediluvian population in many parts of it. Unite this circumstance with that of the ascertained current of the deluge from America, and with the fact of the ark's having rested in an easterly direction from this country, we come to a conclusion, that here, perhaps in the very state of New-York, the miraculous vessel was erected, and bore away, treasured in its enormous capacity, the progenitors of the human race renewed."

"In the very state of New-York," probably in the Genesee country — the soil that produced "the big black walnut tree" is the one of all others to have produced the timbers of the ark. It was unkind of Noah, however, after using the mammoths which formerly pastured about the spurs of the Alleghanies, to draw his materials, as he doubtless did, to deny them a place in his floating menagerie. If sufficiently domesticated for beasts of burthen, they were probably also serviceable for the purposes of the dairy. And when the creation-saving ship became lifted upon the waters and receded from the poor beasts who came lowing after it to yield their customary tribute at the twilight hour, it must have seemed cruel to leave them thus — to leave them to be submerged in the waves which probably drove them to the highest mountain peaks ere their last bellowings ceased to resound over the waters. What a crackling must there have been in the forests as the herd of monsters plied their huge limbs up the steep ascents while rushing from destruction; and how fearful must have been the struggle in such animated masses before their bulky carcasses floated unresisting upon the remorseless tide! This, however, is getting into the field of conjecture; and as we wish to keep to facts solely, we must not indulge in any thing approaching to speculation. Our private opinion, however, about the mammoth is, that it was nothing more nor less than a larger species of sea elephant, innumerable herds of which are doubtless still roving over those ocean-edged hills and vallies where the sea-serpent lurks in groves of coral to dart out upon his prey.

According to our author, *Shem* was the only member of the Noahitic family who had any feeling of patriotism about him; and he was so penetrated with love of the *natale solum*, that he transmitted it in a sufficiently active degree to his descendants to impel them, a few centuries after the exodus upon Ararat, to emigrate to this land of their fathers and to settle upon the western prairies: which, in our opinion, are nothing more than the clearings of these redoubtable backwoodsmen. They alone, it seems, preserved the real healthy-red Adamite color.

"Shem, according to the commonly received opinion, was the eldest son of Noah; and as the complexion of this child did not differ from that of other children born before the flood, all of whom are supposed to have been red, or of the copper hue, on the ground of Adam's complexion; Noah did not, therefore, name the child at first sight, from any extraordinary impulse arising from any singular appearance in the complexion, but rather, as it was his first born son, he called him Shem, that is, *renown*."

"But at the birth of HAM, it was different. When this child was born, we may suppose the house or tent to have been in an uproar, on the account of his *strange* complexion; the news of which, we may suppose, soon reached the ear of the father, who, on beholding it, at once, in the form of an exclamation, cried out HAM! that is, it is *black*! and this word became his name."

"We suppose the same influence governed at the birth of JAPHETH, and that at the birth of this child, greater surprise still must have pervaded the household of Noah, as *white* was a cast of complexion still more wonderful than either *red* or *black*, as these two last named complexions bear a stronger affinity to each other than to that of white.

"No sooner, therefore, as we may suppose, was the news of the birth of this third son carried to Noah, than, being anxious to embrace him, he saw with amazement, that it was diverse from the other two and from all mankind; having not the least affinity of complexion with any of the human race; and being in an ecstasy, at the sight of so fair and ruddy an infant, beautifully white and transparent of complexion, cried out, while under the influence of his joy and surprise, JAPHETH! which word became his name; to this, however, he added afterwards, God shall greatly enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem and Canaan; that is, Ham shall be his servant; so that, in a political sense, he was higher than the other two.

"But if our opinion on this subject is esteemed not well supported, we would add one other circumstance, which would seem to amount to demonstration, in proving Ham and his posterity to have been black at the outset.

"The circumstance is as follows: At two particular times, it appears from Genesis, that Noah declared, Ham, with his posterity, should serve or become servants to both the posterity of Shem and Japheth. If one were to inquire whether this has been fulfilled or not, what would be the universal answer? It would be—it has been fulfilled. But in what way? Who are the people? The universal answer is, the African race are the people."

For they, our author might have added, are not only held in bondage by the whites now, but are actually owned as slaves in several of the red tribes upon this continent. But we must linger no longer with our author upon his introductory chapters, which, like those of the celebrated historian of Manhattoes, after going to the very root of his subject, commencing with the creation itself, branch off into many a learned treatise *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

These fountain heads of ancient lore are the common property of the whole world; and our business here is only with those well-springs of antiquity which we can claim as peculiarly American. For the following account of an examination of one of the great mounds of the West, our author is indebted to Mr. Ashe, an English traveller. The details will probably remind our readers of some of those in a curious paper entitled *American Antiquities* in our January number.

"On traversing the valley between Fort Harmer and the mountains, I determined to take the high grounds, and after some difficulty, ascended an eminence which commanded a view of the town of Marietta, and of the river up and down, displaying a great distance along the narrow valley of the Ohio, cultivated plains, the gardens and popular walks of that beautiful town.

"After a very short inspection, and cursory examination, it was evident that the very spot or eminence on which I stood, had been occupied by the Indians, either as a place of observation or a strong hold. The exact summit of the hill I found to be artificial; it expressed an oval, forty-five feet by twenty-three, and was composed apparently of earth and stone, though no stone of a similar character appeared in that place.

"The base of the whole was girded round about by a wall of earth, in a state of too great decay to justify any calculation, and the whole was so covered with heavy

timber, that I despaired of gaining any further knowledge, and would have left the place had I not been detained by my Indian companion, whom I saw occupied in endeavoring to introduce a pole into a small opening between two flat stones, near the root of a tree, which grew on the very summit of this eminence.

"The stones we found were too heavy to be removed by the mere power of hands. Two good oak poles were cut, in lieu of levers and crows. Clapping these into the orifice first discovered, we weighed a large flat stone, tilting it over, when we each assumed a guarded position, in silent expectation of hearing the hissing of serpents, or the rustling of the ground-hog's litter; where the Indian had supposed was a den of one sort or the other.

"All was silent. We resumed our labor, casting out a number of stones, leaves, and earth, soon clearing a surface of seven feet by five, which had been covered upwards of fifteen inches deep, with flat stones, principally lying against each other, with their edges to the horizon.

"On the surface we had cleared, appeared another difficulty, which was a plain superficies, composed of but three flat stones of such apparent magnitude that the Indian began to think that we should find under them neither snake nor pig; but having once begun, I was not to be diverted from my task.

"Stimulated by obstructions, and animated with other views than those of my companion, I had made a couple of hickory shovels with the axe, and setting to work, soon undermined the surface, and slid the stones off on one side, and laid the space open to view.

"I expected to find a cavern: my imagination was warmed by a certain design I thought I discovered from the very beginning; the manner the stones were placed led me to conceive the existence of a vault filled with the riches of antiquity, and crowded with the treasures of the most ancient world.

"A bed of sand was all that appeared under these flat stones, which I cast off; and as I knew there was no sand nearer than the bed of the Muskingum, as design was therefore the *more* manifest, which encouraged my proceeding; the sand was about a foot deep, which I soon removed.

"The design and labor of man was now unequivocal. The space out of which these materials were taken, left a hollow in an oblong square, lined with stones on the end and sides, and also, paved on what appeared to be the bottom, with square stones, of about nine inches diameter.

"I picked these up with the nicest care, and again came to a bed of sand, which, when removed, made the vault about three feet deep, presenting another bottom or surface, composed of small square cut stones, fitted with such art, that I had much difficulty in discovering many of the places where they met. These displaced, I came to a substance, which, on the most critical examination, I judged to be a mat, or mats, in a state of entire decomposition and decay. My reverence and care increased with the progress already made; I took up this impalpable powder with my hands, and fanned off the remaining dust with my hat, when there appeared a beautiful tessellated pavement of small, colored stones; the colors and stones arranged in such a manner as to express harmony and shades, and portraying, at full length, the figure of a warrior under whose feet a snake was exhibited in ample folds.

"The body of the figures was composed of dyed woods, bones, and a variety of small bits of ferrous and testaceous substances, most of which crumbled into dust on being removed and exposed to the open air.

"My regret and disappointment were very great, as I had flattered myself that the whole was stone, and capable of being taken up and preserved. Little more, however, than the actual pavement could be preserved, which was composed of flat stones, one inch deep, and two inches square. The prevailing colors were white, green, dark blue, and pale spotted red; all of which are peculiar to the lakes, and not to be had nearer than about three hundred miles.

"The whole was affixed in a thin layer of sand, fitted together with great precision, and covered a piece of bark in great decay, whose removal exposed what I was fully prepared to discover, from all previous indications, the remains of a human skeleton, which was of an uncommon magnitude, being seven feet in length. With the skeleton was found, first an earthen vessel, or urn, in which were several bones, and some white sediment.

"The urn appeared to be made of sand and flint vitrified, and rung, when struck, like glass, and held about two gallons, had a top or cover of the same material, and resisted fire as completely as iron or brass. Second; a stone axe, with a groove round the pole, by which it had been fastened with a withe to the handle. Third;

twenty-four arrow points, made of flint and bone, and lying in a position which showed they had belonged to a quiver. Fourth; a quantity of beads, but not of glass, round, oval, and square; colored green, black, white, blue, and yellow. Fifth; a very large conch shell, decomposed into a substance like chalk; this shell was fourteen inches long, and twenty-three in circumference. The Hindoo priests, at the present time, use this sort of shell as sacred. It is blown to announce the celebration of religious festivals. Sixth; under a heap of dust and tenuous shreds of feathered cloth and hair, a parcel of *brass* rings, cut out of a solid piece of metal, and in such a manner that the rings were suspended from each other, without the aid of solder or any other visible agency whatever. Each ring was three inches in diameter, and the bar of the rings half an inch thick, and were square; a variety of characters were deeply engraved on the sides of the rings, resembling the Chinese characters."

This is certainly curious and interesting; and we wish that Mr. Priest had limited the scope of his work to the collection of similar well authenticated accounts, instead of running wild in speculations, which, however ingenious, are misplaced in a work of so sober a character, and tend only to throw discredit and ridicule upon his otherwise estimable and really valuable labors. We have, ourselves, surveyed some fifteen or twenty of these ancient works; some of them being, perhaps, the very remains which our author alludes to, as mentioned by Carver, on the Upper Mississippi, (he might have better quoted the higher authority of Mr. Schoolcraft and Major Long) and others, a thousand miles away from them, which Carver never pretended to have seen. We have examined, too, many of the stone cells described by Mr. Ash, which, though answering exactly to his account of their shape and arrangement, contained nothing but dust. With regard to the mounds themselves, we fear that all clue to the cause of their erection, and the race who reared them, is irrevocably lost in the shadows of the all-absorbing past. With regard to the bodies which are sometimes found buried in them, we find nothing in all concurrent testimony to convince us that they did not belong to the existing race of Indians, and were not placed there within the last few hundred years. The ancient weapons and ornaments of metal, that are found interred with these bodies, do indeed afford a singular subject for curious speculation. Of their existence we have not a doubt; for, besides those found in various public collections, we have seen a brass hatchet taken from a mound in Western Virginia, in the possession of a person who dwelt near the spot where it was discovered. This, however, like the brass rings graven with Chinese characters, found by Mr. Ash, we conceive had nothing to do with the state of the arts existing among the people who were thus buried with their favorite toys. The rest of the equipments and finery, even to the conch shell described by Mr. A., are those of a modern Indian; and it is worthy of remark, that wherever these metallic weapons and ornaments are found, they are always accompanied by other effects, showing a similar barbarous taste. How then are we to account for their existence? The solution is easy. They have been waifs from some shipwrecked vessel cast upon the strand, and found by the natives upon the coast, and transmitted from hand to hand until they reached those western tribes, whose custom it was to inter their favorite effects with the dead, when they were buried, with the bows and arrows of some barbarous chiefs. He who thinks it strange that they could make their way so far into the interior, must remember that that remarkable race, "the Romans of this continent,"* as Dewitt Clinton called

* Notwithstanding the valuable notes of Colden, the history of this powerful republic is yet to be written. The author of the *Last of the Mohicans* is the one to do it. He has brilliantly and admirably shown the results of their system in more than one of his characters, (the creature of institutions as peculiar and as operative as those of Sparta,) although he has much impaired the effect of his portrait by giving the same attributes to the western savage of the present day.

them, who dwelt around the head waters of the Ohio, the Susquehannah, and the Hudson, carried their expeditions a thousand miles away from their head-quarters in the state of New-York. Here they had the key of the Chesapeake, the Mississippi, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence with all its chain of lakes. Their canoes were kept on every tributary; and at the very time La Salle met six hundred of their warriors pursuing the Illinwas over the smooth prairies of the far West, the hills of Maine, and the swamps of Carolina, were not free from their invasion.

The real discoveries upon this continent, or rather the explanation of such, are to be made hereafter, we suspect, by the Geologist. We know not, however, how his science can explain the singular details quoted by Mr. Priest from Morse's geography and Schoolcraft's travels. (See pp. 157, 158, 159.)

A drawing, which purports to be a fac-simile of these tracks, is given in the volume before us.

Although we have already exceeded the limits assigned to a single work in these notices yet the relation is so interesting that we would still find room, if possible, for the following extracts. (See pp. 173, 174, 175, 176, 187.)

We cannot take leave of the work before us, however, without observing, that notwithstanding the jocose manner in which we have treated some parts of Mr. Priest's book, which we thought trenched unnecessarily upon sacred ground, it will well repay examination: and of this there can hardly be better proof than the fact mentioned in the title-page, that "*twenty-two thousand* copies of the work have been published within thirty months for subscribers only."

In this connexion it may not be improper to mention that we have received an interesting letter, referring to the paper on the Antiquities of North America in our January number. After noticing the writer's ingenious hypothesis—that the relics discovered belonged to the crew of a Phœnician vessel blown accidentally from her course to the shores of the Western world ages before the Christian era, or to that race which constructed the mounds of the West, and, agreeably to the traditions of the present Indians, were conquered and driven southward, probably to Mexico and Guatamala, — our correspondent proceeds — "Permit me to ask the writer if these articles have been preserved, and where they may be seen?—for, if they now exist, they would certainly rank first in interest of all the memorials of a former age, which have been found within the limits of New England; and, by examination of the cranium, if not too much decayed, some important conclusions may be formed as to the race to which it belonged. Drs. Warren and Spurzheim, upon examination of the crania taken from the Ohio mounds, and comparing them with those of the Peruvian Indians, pronounced them to be of the same race; and, according to the latter, the organ of constructiveness was large in both, thus affording some additional probability to the tradition mentioned above.

To the Romans, Jews, Welch, Mongols, and almost every other known nation, has the peopling of America been attributed; but passing over these varying surmises, it might be well to inquire why so little can be learned with certainty with regard to its early history. Who, upon examining the magnificent ruins lately discovered in and about Palanque and Mitla, the immense city of Otolam,* (which, as illustrating the domestic life and manners of a people long since departed, and whose name even defies antiquarian research, may with propriety be styled the Pompeii of the New World) and the account of like remains existing in various parts of South America — will not come to the conclusion that America was once the seat of arts and sciences buried in oblivion? How little should we have known at this day concerning the ancient Egyptians, had it not been for the literature of other nations and the late brilliant discoveries of Champollion! Destroy all the records of the

* The Geographical Society of Paris have offered a handsome premium for the best description of these ruins.

Jewish race, then visit Palestine, and gather, if possible, from hoary tradition and the blackened monuments of ancient art, the history of the chosen people. The empire of the Assyrian, and the mighty capital, whose towering walls seemed built to defy the encroachments of age,—where are they? Time laughs alike at Thebes's hundred gates, and Babel's lofty tower. Witness Tyre and her daughter, Carthage — what know we of those proud ocean-queens save through the writings of their enemies? Their ruins attest not their former greatness; for the all-destroying hand of the barbarian has been there. Such may have been the fate of this continent in times past — and its inhabitants, unacquainted with a written language, preserved not, except through the uncertain medium of oral tradition, faint glimmerings of which have reached us, the history of these changes.

"Here, as elsewhere, revolution may have succeeded revolution, and the barbarous hordes from 'the mighty store-house of the human race,' poured themselves with irresistible fury upon America — changing government, language, and religion, as they have done upon Europe. The latter recovered from these assaults to make still greater advances in civilization; whilst the former, unaided by the light of Christianity, and crushed under ignorance and superstition, was sunk into barbarism, with but few and faint traces of a better state. At her discovery — if we may judge from the then rapidly progressing empires of Mexico and Peru, which were in some of the arts far before certain parts of Europe — she too might have been casting aside the darkness which shrouded her; and, emerging from the mighty cloud with renewed brightness, might have taken her seat high among the powerful states and lawgivers of the earth. As every succeeding year brings to light some long-buried memorial of an ancient race, the public curiosity becomes aroused, and many are the questions asked and theories formed with regard to it. In the present state of our knowledge, little or no certainty can exist; but time and laborious investigation may lead us to such results as will prove gratifying, and even satisfactory, to our minds, if no higher object is to be gained. To effect this we should preserve with sacred care, all relics of the past, and note, with careful and discriminating hand, each new discovery.* Let the philologist, with critical acumen, examine the structure of the various languages; the physiologist, the crania and mummies so often disinterred, and compare them with those of existing races — and let all be slow, but sure, in arriving at conclusions; and from materials thus carefully prepared, let the strong-minded, sagacious philosopher gather truths to instruct and amuse mankind."

* The inscribed stone at Rutland, Mass., of which Professor Raffinesque in his Appendix to Marshall's History of Kentucky, says: "Many opinions have been formed, supposed Atlantic, Phœnician, Coptic or Lenopian," is, as Mr. Baldwin, late Librarian of the Antiquarian Society, who had carefully examined it, stated — nothing but a mass of granite, interspersed with crystals of tourmaline, in such a manner as to present, to a casual observer, the appearance of blackened letters or hieroglyphics. During the summer of 1833, in blasting rocks for the Unitarian church, then building at Sandwich, Mass., a stone was discovered with singularly formed characters carved upon it, similar, as was then thought, to those on the Dighton rock. A fac-simile of it was taken, and an account published in one of the newspapers of the day; when, unfortunately for antiquarian lore and zeal, some aged inhabitants recognized it as the work of an insane man, who, many years before, was allowed to ramble around the woods, employing his time in cutting grotesque and unmeaning figures upon rocks. These examples are given to demonstrate how important it is to be critical in all observations of this nature.

The Opera of La Somnambula.—By Vincenza Bellini.

IN estimating the merits of those productions of the human mind distinguished by the name of the Fine Arts, it has often been an error to compare them with each other, so as to give the preference to that which either chance, education, or taste may have made our favorite. If, however, instead of instituting such a comparison, we should observe the manner in which the Fine Arts express thoughts and feelings, and consider to what extent these may be conveyed by the different means peculiar to each art, we should then understand and appreciate them better. The exquisite coloring of a painted landscape, the exhibitions of beautiful forms upon the canvass, or their life-like embodiment in the breathing marble, may indeed awaken within our breasts emotions and conceptions akin to those of the painter and sculptor, and inspire us with a fervid admiration for the prodigies of

Della man che ubbidisce all' intelletto ;—

still, there are limits beyond which the creative powers of painting and sculpture cannot proceed ; and Poetry herself, — who aspires to soar beyond the visible eminence of beings and things, and to attain the heights of celestial realms, — Poetry herself sometimes vainly endeavors to tell those raptures of the human soul, which, indefinable and inexplicable as the undulations of a harpsichord, can be fully expressed only by the spirit-like outpourings of Music.

The musical representation which has lately been witnessed on our stage has led us into this train of thought. We have been called upon to observe not only the wonders which Music alone can perform, but those which it can accomplish when aided by the sister art of Poetry.

The opera of *La Somnambula*, by Vincenzo Bellini, was presented to the musical world in 1830, at the theatre Della Scala at Milan. Its performance was entrusted to singers, who, by reason of the excellence of their vocal and histrionic abilities, then formed the delight of their Italian audience. The unequalled success with which it met was fully adequate to the merit of its composition and the far-spreading fame of its youthful author. It was a new and splendid triumph, superadded to those which had already been accorded to him whose genius had breathed forth its inspirations in the melancholy and heart-stirring notes of the *Pirata* and the *Straniera*; and who, in composing the music to *Romeo and Juliet*, had illustrated, by strains almost as divine, the divine conceptions of Shakspeare.

After the *Somnambula*, Bellini composed *Norma* and *Beatrice Tenda*, ("of which all Europe rings from side to side") and last winter, in Paris, the *Puritani*, which won him honors unprecedented in the history of the opera. With the *Puritani* ended the short but brilliant career of his genius, even in the very dawn of its glory ; leaving the world to lament over his early death, and to pay to his memory an unfailing tribute of tears -- so long as the pathetic and divine harmony of his music shall continue to awaken within human hearts the sweet emotions of innocent grief, of pity, and of love.

One of the principal merits of Bellini's operas, apart from the musical superiority, consists in the propriety and interest of their plots and the judicious choice of subjects adapted to the natural bent of the composer's genius. Before his time, Italians had indeed listened with delight to the enthralling strains of master-minds ; but their tastes were perpetually shocked by poor and ludicrous attempts at verse. Bellini was the first to ennoble his art by wedding it to beautiful poetry. For this he was indebted to Signor Felice Romani, who has won for himself the high approval of the literary world. All his compositions (apart from their characteristic simplicity, evidently observed so as to leave the field entirely to the music) are re-

markable for the interest of their plots, the dignity of their style, and the classic elegance of the language in which they are written. Many of his songs, especially in *La Somnambula* (we refer to the original), are equal to the smooth and sweet "*ariette*" of the polished Metastasio.

Of the music we know not how to speak in adequate terms of commendation ; to do it justice would require almost the talents and perception of the artist himself, to whom alone its inmost beauties can be manifest. Of the poetry, we, in this country, must judge at great disadvantage, on account of the wretchedness of the English translation. To us the peculiar adaptation of the words to the music is almost entirely lost. With one or two exceptions, the English verses are beneath contempt ; they distort the meaning of the author ; are out of harmony with the music ; and in many places convey sentiments totally opposite to the original, for the sake of twisting them into "distressing" rhymes. Yet with this capital drawback we can say—as the American public has said before us—that no opera was ever produced here, that for exquisite feeling, refined taste, and soul-entrancing melody, can be compared to this marvellous effort of Italian genius.

It would be a question of too long discussion were we to occupy ourselves here with fully answering the objections of those, who, at this late period, still claim the *vraisemblable* as a necessity for dramatic effect. Without dwelling on the fact that to arrive at the reality of a theatrical exhibition, the mind of the spectator is unavoidably forced to make great abstractions, even in those plays in which the author has made strict use of the compass of Aristotle, we will simply observe, that the channels through which the emotions and feelings pour themselves, are various and strange ; and that, among them, singing is by no means the last. If declamation may be used as a medium of giving utterance to the human passions, we see no reason why singing may not serve the same purpose ; especially when we have facts that will easily annihilate rules, no matter how long established or how pertinaciously maintained. In the opera which we now consider, the poet has placed its characters in no situation which has not its interest vastly increased by the expression of the music ; and whether we attend to the accompaniments or the airs, the duets or the choruses, there is a constant run of melody through the whole, as inexpressibly sweet and as true as the harmonious charm of Nature herself. When Amina invites us to weep, we know not how to refrain from weeping, or from sharing the anguish of her innocent soul in the pitiful bewilderment of her dreams ; nor can we repress our tears of joy upon her sudden awaking from despair to happiness. That the effect of having our finer sensibilities so stirred is excellent, we cannot doubt ; such enjoyment is an alembic in which the heart becomes pure ; whether, like the Arcadians, our tastes will be rendered more simple and good by such influences we cannot foretell : but we should think the heart of that man as hard as "the nether mill-stone," who, after having listened to "*La Somnambula*," could pass his enemy without proffering the friendly grasp ; or who, till the world had again worn away the soft impression, could entertain any sentiment less holy than one of universal kindness and good-will. The soul which is filled with music so divine can breathe only harmonious thoughts.

We cannot close the remarks which have thus flowed from our pen, while reflecting upon this beautiful evidence of the power of heaven-derived art, without alluding to the exquisite manner in which the part of Amina has been performed by Mrs. Wood in the different theatres. She appeared, for the first time in her career, in this part in New-York. Her success was brilliant and entire ; she not only captivated the admirers of music, and the *connoisseurs* among our own countrymen, but was completely victorious over the prejudices of Italian artists, who were at that time engaged at the Opera-house. Night after night was the Park theatre crowded with dazzling multitudes. The manager reaped a richer harvest than had ever before been gathered from any theatrical engagement, with the exception of one performed

many years ago by the celebrated George Frederic Cooke. The Tremont theatre was, during the representation of this superb piece, thronged by assemblages more enthusiastic, if possible, than those at the Park. It is almost as difficult to warm the New England character into a fervor of admiration, as it is to melt away the ice and snows of a New England winter; but the musical enthusiasm, which was shed around by this opera, was as if a summer's sun had poured down its heat; and the usual reserve and coldness of feeling became suddenly loosened into a perfect flood and freshet of overwhelming, fervent applause.

In ending these observations, our reflections once more revert to the unsurpassable genius of the composer of *La Sonnambula*. When we listen to his enrapturing strains, we cannot realize that Bellini is dead. He departed so young! No! he is still present. Many and many a year will his spirit be breathed into ours; and, when we too are gone, though false taste or a new marvel may cast temporary oblivion over his divine music, still from age to age will it be revived to delight the world and to make his name immortal. No! We have heard the tones of his undying genius, and we feel a certainty, greater than the certainty of life, that we shall hear them again; and, therefore, when we speak of Bellini to one who sympathizes in our admiration, we apply the mournful and touching consolation of Scripture — and say, "*He is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

Henry IV. of Germany — a Tragedy in five acts. New-York — Osborn and Buckingham.

Though "easier 'tis to blacken than re-blanch," we are too "conscience-sheltered," "to annul the imposed strait" of critical justice, and withhold that praise from this production, which involuntarily "breaks forth into a fit of sounded thought" the moment we take up the pen.

It is astonishing how genius always moves in a cycle; or rather, how regularly its grandest productions come up every now and then in some renewed shape after the lapse of a certain number of ages. The noble Epic of Homer seemed reproduced to the world in the heroic poem of Virgil; and the glorious *Æneid* again, after the flight of centuries, transmitted its spirit into the great work of Milton. The military glories of Alexander, after pausing, as at a half-way house in the bosom of Cæsar, was housed at last for the present century beneath the cocked hat of Napoleon; while the adventurous soul of Jason, shining forth in the more than Argonautic Christoval, blazed finally in its greatest splendor in the all-exploring mind of Captain Symmes. Shakspeare even was not an exception to the general rule; for though we find not his exact prototype in any age, yet the respective eras of Euripides and Terence, and of the great Italian dramatists, each contributed a ray to the blaze of that dramatic genius which is now transmitted in all its fulness and effulgence to the play before us. *

Henry IV. a tragedy in five acts, is in fact, so entirely Shakspearean, that this conviction is irresistibly forced upon the mind of the reader. There is that same mixture of prose and poetry, of tragic feeling and comic humor, set forth in a phraseology which bears the very form and pressure of the times in which he wrote, and imbued with every thing except his unhappy vice of punning, to show that the author has taken his inspiration from the sublimest of models. If Shakspeare, for instance, wished to tell us that a man had grown feeble from age and ill-health, would he have expressed it otherwise than thus:

"His sinew'd days are by: infirmities
Their courier, age, o'ertake —"

Or if he meant to add that the anxious friends of the old gentleman, without appearing to watch the progress of decay, had discovered that he was wearing out, would he not have gone on to observe, that

“————— his friends
In careless watch, asseiging his deport
Obtain the note of stealing crepitude
And frame's defect.”

“*The note of stealing crepitude*,” as the reader at once surmises, is of course nothing else but the asthma, or some “ugly co-ou-ug-gh,” equally musical.

Again, if the great dramatist were sitting upon Mill-rock in Hell-gate, catching bass-bait with shrimps, preparatory to angling for the bigger fish, one of which had just broken near him, would he not exclaim, before impaling the slender spear-
ing upon his hook —

“Some bait, I'll pierce it with a similar.”

“*A similar*” what? Fish, to be sure, quotha; “but a fish don't pierce,” saith the critical reader: certainly it doth when subtended upon a hook and protruded through a larger pair of gills! Again —

“To capture the ingrateful certitude
I was not foremost; fealty repelled
And obstructed this truth-invading truth.”

Now, as there is but one way to express a meaning so plain and simple as this, who can doubt but that the master of our language would have used the very words of our author?

But we must take our dramatist in his more familiar vein. In scene iv. act 1, Bertha, a peasant girl, discourses as follows:

‘Arnold, a cottager,’ asks her:

“Have you ne'er a flagon of the vintage, child?”

Bertha. Sorrow the day: wine is the only prologue to the best of your old histories of war.

Arnold. Would I had ne'er condescended to utter the accounts and sparkles of my time; for then—

Bertha. We had missed worthy enjoyment.

Arnold. Then would my tired details have the spirit and freshness of news.

Bertha. Keeping bestows not that nicety of relish on the liquor of our memory, which the flow and the unhoard beget in the sense of our acquaintance.”

Here now we have that simple and unaffected converse which, though the truest specimens of it are to be found among the clowns and rustics of Shakspeare, is in fact of no age, but belongs to the situation of life described in every time and country. You may hear the same language in those little nooks about Tappan and Esopus, in the cottage of the English peasant and the shanties of the Irish labourers, (allowing only for the brogue,) along any of our canals and rail-roads. If it be unintelligible to the reader, that, we make bold to say, is no fault of our author; who, upon no compulsion, is bound to make himself understood. When we add that “*Henry IV. of Germany, a tragedy in five acts*,” is written throughout in the same perspicuous and unaffected English, and that the plot, characters, and incidents, though by no means worthy of equal admiration with the language, have still similar claims to praise; there is no need of farther commendation to recommend the performance to our readers.

Views of Ithaca and its Environs, by an impartial Observer — Ithaca — D. D. & A. Spencer.

What an outrageous perversion of taste is that which makes us copy, and copy again, and stereotype for more copies yet, the worn-out names of Europe for the use of our country towns—our cities, aye, and even our states.* If there be one “damning proof” of that lack of fancy and feeling which foreign tourists ascribe to our people, it lies in this mechanical spirit of imitation, this abject poverty of invention, which has filled the maps of the Union with a dozen Troys, as many Londons, Edinburghs, and Parises, not to mention fifty Manchesters, and half as many Romes and Athens’s—with Pericles, Pompey, Scipio, &c. and the whole nomenclature of Plutarch, interspersed with Elizabethtowns and Brown’sville’s without number. Poverty of invention? say we—why, no invention was required! There was not a valley or a stream, mountain or glen, but had already its own proper and poetic-sounding name when our people undertook to alter its aboriginal title; and even now it would require but little exertion to recover the majority of these. But no, the perversion of taste is too deeply rooted, and if any alteration is made, it will be only by applying the present absurd system to the few places that have been happily baptized originally. The Potomac, as it flows by Alexandria, will be called the Nile. The Housatonic will take the name of the Avon when it passes Stratford; the softly-flowing Unadilla must be called the Isis where it steals through Oxford—and as for the lakes, we’ll change Ontario to “Kingston water;” and “Tompkins’ pond” shall be the name of Cayuga lake. And this brings us to the flourishing town upon its banks whence we started, whose name, though not what it ought to be, is certainly better chosen than any we have mentioned.

We wish we could say as much for the numerous picturesque spots which are described in the pamphlet before us.† If the descriptions are at all faithful, the scenery around Ithaca must be unrivalled; and when the Hudson and Erie rail-road is open, it will become a great place of resort. “There are no less than five creeks or living streams, which run through the village and its suburbs, and immediately after empty into the inlet of the lake or the lake itself.” These streams, cleaving their way through lofty and romantic cliffs, break up into innumerable cascades; at one moment bedewing the loftiest pines around them with their spray, and plunging, the next, through cavernous recesses where nothing but the roar of their waters reveals their course.

The pamphlet before us, though rich in material, is so indifferently written, that it offers no passages for complimentary quotation; while the fact of its making no pretension to literary merit prevents us from extracting any to the disadvantage of the author. Simplicity and precision are the essential requisites of a task like that which this “Impartial Observer” has undertaken; but his descriptions are so loaded down with illustrations and quotations, lugged in, head and shoulders, from every source, that he does not present a single distinct picture to the eye. The relation, however, is characterized by one feature which calls out from us an honest feeling of respect for the author, and that is, a lively and earnest love for the works of nature. If the writer had consulted this emotion alone, and looked into his own bosom for the thoughts awakened by the scenes he attempts to describe, instead of tasking his

* Confounded be his sponsors for not naming that man Higginbottom who had the stupidity to give the epithet of *New-York* to that noble region of mountain, lake, and river, to which ONANDAGA (the early seat and centre of its political power) or NIAGARA (the most prominent of its physical features) would, either, have supplied a name every way so characteristic and appropriate.

† E. G. Buttermilk Falls, Olympic ditto, Five Mile Creek, Six Mile do., &c.

memory to bring the thoughts of others to bear upon his subject, his little publication might have been as respectable in a literary, as it is now in a merely topographical point of view. We know not how these "views" have taken in the neighborhood where they were written, but, judging from the following letter of a subscriber, the good people about Cayuga lake seem to have a keen eye to every thing which relates to the scenery of their beautiful country.

"We of the country (says a western correspondent) receive our literary aliment from the city — pay for it we must — eat it we may, without the right to question its quality; like a boy, we must eat that which is set before us, we must 'be seen and not heard.' But when one of our intellectual purveyors comes into our own borders, and attempts to caricature the natural embellishments, the matchless scenery of our own land, we feel that we have a right to speak out. In a late number of a New-York 'weekly,' we read, 'the Cherokee's Threat, a tale by N. P. Willis.' The first part of this tale interested me much by the graphic description of that which I felt to be ingenious and perfectly natural. But the second part? Cayugans, read his '*calm feast of scenery*' along the borders of your beautiful lake, and keep cool if you can. '*Fan-like catalpa flaunting its saffron foliage in the sun, spotted with gold, like the wings of a ladybird,*' '*mountain ash flushed with sanguine glory,*' &c. &c., and yet the mountain ash, nor the catalpa is indigenous here.

"Why did not this factitious poet notice our red cedar, with its purple winter blossoms, its delicate foliage, ever-green; or our still more beautiful *Cornus Florida*, whose lily flowers, in the vernal season, form a continuous wreath of living light through our dark oaken forests. Did he not see the wild grape vine on the pebbly shore or sandy point of the lake, stretching from elm to sycamore, interlacing its manifold lateral branches into such a bower as Shenstone never saw? Or did he elaborate his unfaithful picture of our matchless natural scenery, as Goldsmith did his *Animated Nature*, in a garret? If he did, I can only say a lesser than Goldsmith is he!

"O that this crucifier of our vegetable creation would visit the humble philosopher of Great Field, the man who loves nature; his extensive garden, decorated with a 'wilderness of flowers,' looks down upon the glassy surface of the Cayuga. Our poet would here find a sufficiency of vegetable coloring, both indigenous and exotic, for all the purposes of sylvan decoration, without leaving earth to rob heaven of her '*azure clouds*' and '*golden sunset.*'"

X. X.

Public and Private Economy, by Theodore Sedgwick. 1 vol. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

"Knowledge for the people," is the cry of the time, and if there be one wholesome trait of our much lauded age, whose existence is real and undeniable, it is that books are now actually and expressly written for the people; not to gull them—as formerly, when a fortunate few were the only patrons of literature, and the majority composed a mere inert mass to be acted upon as the others might wish—but to enlighten, to amuse, and to elevate them in character. The cause in this country, where the humblest native-born American can generally read, is a very evident one; an author finds the majority of his readers among the people, and now, as of old, he must address himself to the interests of his patrons. This it is, which, if our common schools continue to render the service they have done, will ultimately give an entirely new character to literature in all its phases. And we doubt not it will gain in vigor all it may lose in elegance. The poet will no longer be the parasite he has been in almost every age but this; and the historian, seeking his guerdon no longer from the wealthy and the powerful, will learn to do justice to those whose well-being is identified with his own. The political struggles of former times will be written anew; and who can say under what new aspect they may appear, when he recollects that the annals of *The People*, like those of our own ab-

origines, have in modern times been almost universally written by those who, if not of the same blood and kindred as their oppressors, were still dependant upon the countenance and bounty of the castes opposed to them.

The first class of works will be necessarily like this of Mr. Sedgwick, plain, diadactic, and severe—the hardy and homely pioneers of gayer and more attractive improvers of the soil to succeed them—but the “clearing” is already made, “the fallow” is burnt and the seed is sown—and let no man doubt that the orchard and the garden, the fruits and the flowers, will, in due season, grace the fields which are at first cultivated for utility alone. Intellectual wealth introduces intellectual luxury as necessarily as any other kind of riches.

The object of the volume before us is to show the value and uses of property, the mode in which it may be acquired and preserved, and the advantages that accrue from its possession both to individuals and to nations. The tendency of the work, in a word, is to systematize the exertions of those who are struggling to establish an honest independence in their circumstances. The style is simple and familiar; such as will recommend the subject matter to the producing classes; to whom, as we have hinted, the book is chiefly addressed. The general reader, however, will be rewarded for examining this treatise, with many interesting facts—often illustrating some important axiom of political economy,—collected, arranged, and applied by Mr. Sedgwick with industry, judgment, and ingenuity.

Mahmoud. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

This, as its name imports, is a tale illustrative of Turkish life and character. As a novel, some may find it superior in interest to Morier's *Hajji Baba*—but, as a picture of Eastern manners, it does not compare with it for truth and vivacity of coloring; nor in either point of view is it to be named with *Anastasius*, or Mr. Fraser's “*Adventures of a Kuzzilbash*.”

A new book, however, should stand or fall by its own merits, and not by comparisons, whether injurious or favorable; and “*Mahmoud*,” in spite of its every page being stained with the blood of a brawl or an execution, is written in a style which interests one insensibly in the varying fortunes of its hero, and the strange and often picturesque oriental scenes among which he is thrown.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

AMERICAN LYCEUM. The Sixth Annual Meeting of this Society will commence in New-York, on Friday, the 6th of May next; and preparations have been made to secure the co-operation of many distinguished friends of learning in different parts of the country, by inviting them to prepare Essays on subjects of general interest in various departments, particularly popular education.

The Executive Committee wish it to be distinctly understood, that the countenance and aid of the friends of knowledge is earnestly desired and will be heartily welcomed. At the approaching annual meeting, therefore, it is hoped that those interested in their important objects will present themselves; and that many will bring or transmit communications to be read, (with the approbation of the Executive Committee,) and afterwards published among their "Proceedings." Although the American Lyceum, at its annual meetings, consists primarily of delegates from state lyceums, those from local lyceums and other literary societies and institutions in districts not so represented, and gentlemen previously invited; yet another and important class is that of persons presenting themselves as friends of education, who are invited to take seats as members.

It is expected that at the approaching annual meeting, beside the usual day sessions, public meetings will be held in the evenings, for the exhibition of musical classes or the reading of lectures; and, if the number of essays and of members should require it, separate sessions may be held by different branches or committees.

Interesting information has been received by the Executive Committee, showing the formation and operations of lyceums in different places; together with letters from other countries, communicating accounts interesting to intelligent men in our own.

Among the information always desired by the Society, is such as relates to local lyceums, schools, and all means pursued for the extension of knowledge and the promotion of education. A portion of time every day is appropriated to the reception of such facts; and it is particularly desired that all who have it in their

power will come prepared to make such communications, written or verbal.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE. In consequence of the great receipts at the Bowery Theatre from a piece dramatised from the recently published novel of Mr. Fay, Mr. Hamblin, the manager, with enlightened liberality, has thought it due to the author of the original work to give him a benefit. This noble tribute we need hardly say was well bestowed; for though we can by no means join in the wholesale admiration of NORMAN LESLIE, we yield to no one in warmth of regard for the author's character, both literary and personal.

THE MECHANICS' MAGAZINE. We are happy to see, by a new and improved number of this excellent work now before us, that Mr. Minor, the indefatigable proprietor, notwithstanding his losses by the great fire, is still able to sustain a publication so eminently useful.

THE month which has just expired is chiefly memorable for having put an end to one of the most absurd questions that ever came near embroiling two great and friendly nations. France, it is now universally believed, has opened her eyes to that axiom in ethics, that common honesty is ever the basis of real honor, however the "counterfeit presentment" may sometimes attempt to figure (classically speaking) upon its own hook.

"I bide my time," is the motto of Uncle Sam; and though Monsieur, when in the days of the Great Captain he so coolly appropriated his property and maltreated his family, had no idea that the day of reckoning would so soon come, he should at last have had the grace, when it was at length forced upon him, to bow himself out of the scrape and pay for his breakage, as any other gentleman does when he gets into like difficulties. Instead of this, however, Monsieur, like the forester in the Forty Thieves, seems to have thought that "the worth of a *bough*" was all in all to us—tantamount, at least, to the hard millions that were expected to accompany it; and when, after one of his most elegant scrapes and flourishes, something more solid was required of him, he twirls his mustachios like the keeper of a bil-

liard table, and swears that "the gentleman means to insult him" merely because he asks him to count out the sum which was acknowledged to be due. The absurdity of such conduct in one who so thoroughly understands good breeding, of course excited the temper of his old friend, who very naturally expressed his own opinion of it in his own way when talking with his own family. Monsieur, who seems to be as queasy about his character as a sergeant's widow of cracked reputation, takes renewed offence at this, and nothing, perhaps, but the good-natured mediation of John Bull, who can hardly keep a grave countenance while listening to the progress of the quarrel, prevents the former chums and trencher-companions from going together at once by the ears.

We lament most earnestly this untoward discussion; for though now brought to a happy termination, it has not only presented our ancient friend and ally in a most unfavorable light to the world at large, but it has caused Americans, who feel any interest in the result, to recur to the original sources of the difficulty and trace out the long list of injuries and outrages for which France has so unwillingly consented to make a tardy and feeble reparation. These grievances were until

lately but little known here to the generation that is now in its prime; in France they are probably forgotten entirely by the people at large; but their recapitulation would show, that however light may be the immediate cause of angry discussion, the real *gist* of the action is serious enough for the most solemn arbitrament. It is, however, painful, as well as unwise, to dwell now upon dissensions, which deeply laid as we believe them to be, are at length, we trust, covered up and smoothed over for ever.

OBITUARY. It is with unfeigned sorrow that we record the death of Lieut. J. T. Jenkins of the U. S. Navy, a young officer whose personal and professional character was so high in the service that no tribute of ours is necessary to elevate it in the estimation of his friends and shipmates. Nor should we now renew their regrets by alluding to his decease, were we not sure that our readers would sympathise in the untimely fate of one to whom they have been indebted for some of the most spirited and agreeable papers that, in the year past, have graced the *American Monthly*.

Lieut. Jenkins died in New-York, on the 6th ult., at the early age of 28.

